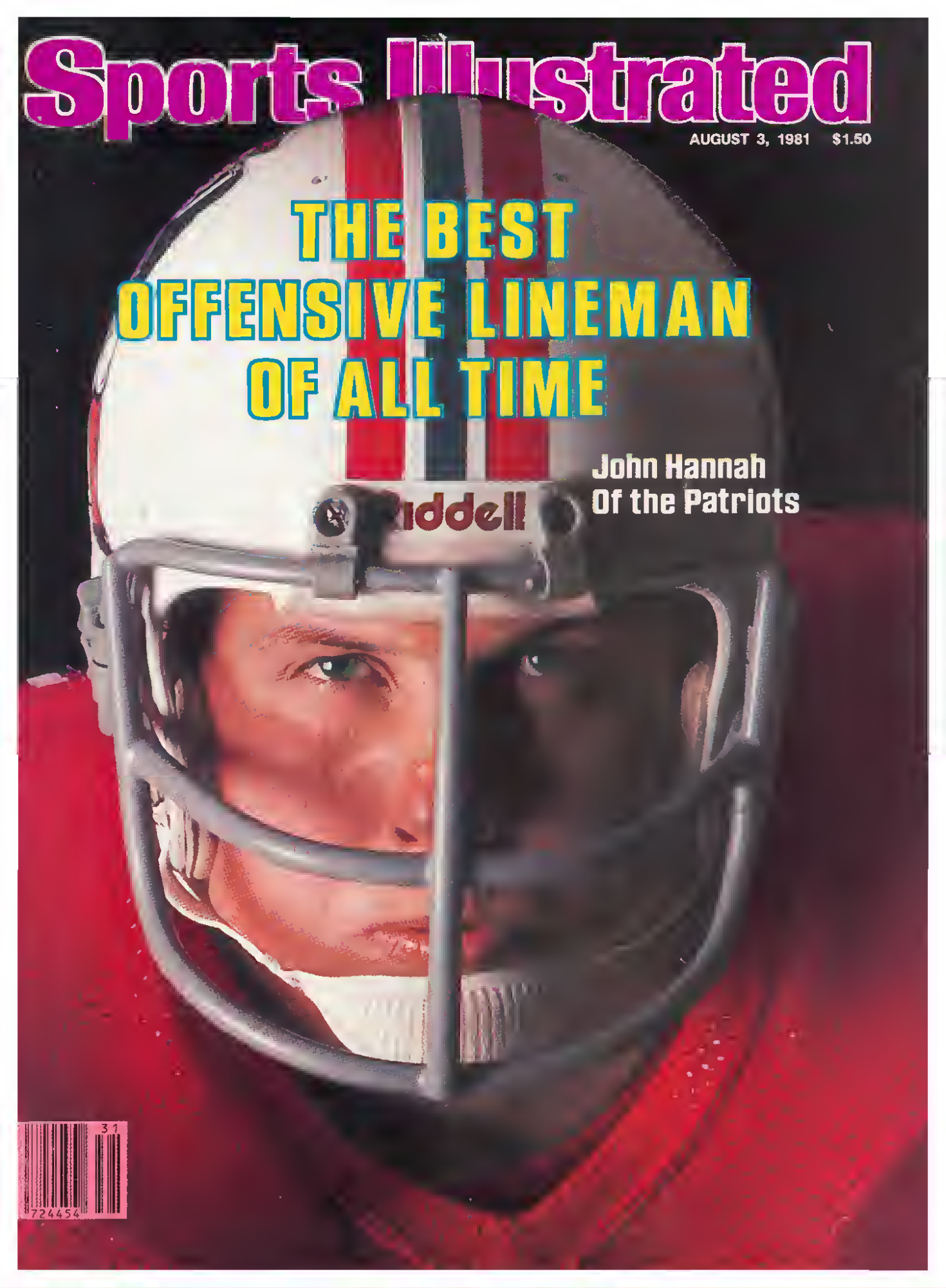
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ZIM: 6 2", 230, BUT DNF IN THE 40

When the above picture was taken 25 years ago, Paul Zimmerman, then playing for the Western Area Command Rhinos, was recovering from the third of four broken noses he sustained during an undistinguished career as an interior lineman in high school, at two colleges—Stanford and Columbia—and for the Rhinos, an Army team. As painful as those smashed schnozzes were, we're sort of glad they happened, because they're one of the reasons Zimmerman is so well qualified to write the story about New England Guard John Hannah that begins on page 46.

Zimmerman says he was "big and slow" as a player; he suspects that if he had ever been timed for the 40, he would have been a "dnf" (track shorthand for "did not finish"). The toughest foe he ever faced, in a U.S. Army League Game, was a former Ole Miss stalwart named Charlie Montgomery. Montgomery proved too fast for Zim, so he resorted to grabbing. Suddenly, Montgomery's fist shot through the space above Zimmerman's face bar, raising a lump on his forehead. "I looked like a unicorn," Zim recalls.

In 1960 Zimmerman was a $25-a-game guard with the semi-pro Paterson (N.J.) Pioneers and a reporter for the now-defunct *The New York World-Telegram & The Sun*. At that year's NFL championship between Green Bay and Philadelphia, the paper's football writer, Joe King, sent Zim to his first pro dressing room to get quotes from the losing Packers. One of the first players Zimmerman saw was Guard Jerry Kramer, and he asked him, "How did you call your changeups?" Because reporters never spoke to offensive linemen in those days, Kramer brought over Fuzzy Thurston and Jim Ringo. As Zim recalls, "They were lovely to talk with, but then, suddenly, the room was emptying and I had no quotes. Paul Hornung, who had hurt his neck, was leaving, and I asked him, 'How's your neck?' 'Fine,' he said, and left.

" 'Excuse me,' I said to Vince Lombardi. Lombardi said, 'I already talked to the reporters. Goodby.' "

Soon, King came in. "How's Hornung's neck?" he asked Zim.

"Fine," replied Zim.

"Well, what did Lombardi say?"

"He's gone."

"What did you get?"

"Well, I talked to the interior three."

"Get out of here."

Two years passed before Zimmerman got into another pro dressing room, Cleveland's. "Jimmy Brown had had a big day," Zim says, "and I wrote about the two guards in front of him, Gene Hickerson and John Wooten. The headline over my story read, GUYS WHO PAVED THE WAY FOR JIMMY BROWN, and I thought, 'Hey, I've got a gold mine here, as long as no one catches on.'

"People don't talk much to offensive linemen even now, because it's tough to tell when they're doing a great job, but they're the ones I like to watch best. It takes extremely high intelligence to play the offensive line and all of those guys are very bright. That's why they talk so well. All the punishment they take also tends to open them up. I always find the best-talking athletes are the ones who have to absorb pain—distance runners, fighters and offensive linemen."

No wonder Zim can identify with them. After all, how many football writers have broken their noses four times?

Philip D. Howlett

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Entertainment

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

IT'S SO, JOE: THE BLACK SOX SCANDAL HAS COME OUT SWINGING AS AN OPERA

"As far as we know," says Rusty Magee, the young composer of *1919: A Baseball Opera*, "there has never before been an opera or a ballet or anything theatrical based on the Black Sox scandal, which seems astonishing." That affair, in which gamblers bribed members of the Chicago White Sox to throw the 1919 World Series, is a grimly beguiling episode in American lore. Now Magee and his collaborator, Rob Barron, have put this enduring tragedy to music; it had its world premiere on June 24 in New Haven, Conn., at the Summer Cabaret theater, a half block from the renowned Yale Repertory Theater. If Broadway is the big leagues, then the Yale Rep is Triple A ball and Summer Cabaret fast Double A. Its summer program this year, running from June into August, included works by Stoppard, Shakespeare, Pushkin, Pirandello and Brecht, and the baseball opera slides smoothly into this lineup of heavy hitters. Beautifully directed by Barron on a tiny stage with an imaginative set by a designer named Stephen Strawbridge, the opera moves briskly, without intermission, through one long act. There is no dancing as such, but the lively movement of the characters on stage seems almost choreographed. Magee, at a piano, functions as Narrator, a one-man Greek chorus.

There are no heroes or heroines, although Keith Grant as the pathetic Joe Jackson, a star player and primary figure in the scandal, comes closest in a poignant solo passage. On the other hand, there is a plethora of villains, or victims: the cheating ballplayers, the disillusioned owner, some unpleasant journalists, an evil gambler (played with malevolent charm by David Thornton). While it seems unlikely that such a relentless downer could work, it does. The Summer Cabaret audience repeatedly broke into applause, and at the end there was an ovation of such length that the company decided to present *1919* again later in its season. In time, Magee and Barron hope to move the opera onto a full-size stage and expand its scope. It will be worth watching for. END

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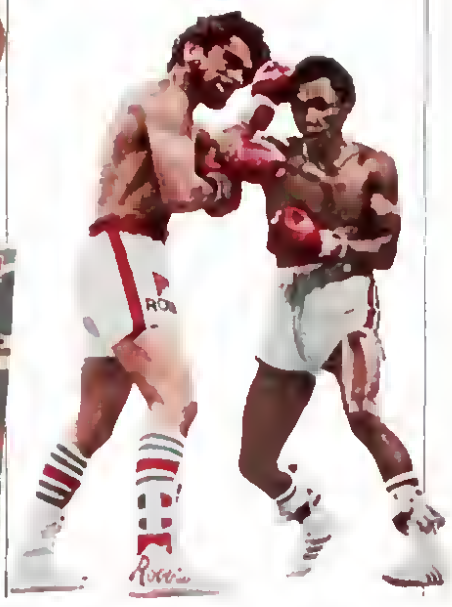
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BOOKTALK

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

A WORK THAT ADDRESSES THE NEEDS OF BASEBALL AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS

Memo to Simon and Garfunkel: Joe DiMaggio has left and gone away to 2150 Beach Street in San Francisco. Take heart, Philadelphia Phillies. Yours wasn't the only baseball death in late September 1964; ex-Indian Pitcher Red Torkelson expired then, too. And Gene Baker, in case you didn't know, your old Pirate teammate R.C. Stevens lives just down Mound Street from you in Davenport, Iowa. These tidbits, along with the mailing addresses of just about everyone else who has played in the major leagues since 1871, can be gleaned from *The Sport Americana Baseball Address List*, a captivating compendium that longtime baseball hobbyist Jack Smalling has collaborated on with Dennis Eckes.

Smalling is an Ames, Iowa insurance salesman who has been putting out a baseball address list in one form or another since 1964. The project began as a crudely collated stack of mimeographed sheets that he made available to autograph collectors like himself. By 1975, Smalling had compiled his first computerized list, and he now stores his 6,000 or so addresses on IBM cards, one per player. Co-author Eckes, whom Smalling met on the collecting circuit, approached him two years ago with the idea of professionally binding and marketing the cult item, which is well into a second printing—a total of 10,000 copies.

The book's fleshy midsection contains addresses of living major-leaguers, and dates and places of death of those deceased—important information to autograph collectors because of its role in determining value. There are also separate breakdowns of players who broke in before 1910, Hall-of-Famers, coaches with no major league playing experience, and—this will tempt anyone still seething about some call way back when—the addresses of every living umpire who has worked since 1910.

Not that *The Sport Americana Baseball Address List* is conceived as a manual for harassment. Smalling and Eckes devote much of a valuable preamble to autograph etiquette. The book's premise is that a John Hancock can be pursued more efficiently, not to mention more civilly, through the mails than by accosting someone in a restaurant or hotel lobby. Most of the addresses are for off-season haunts, in keeping with the authors' belief that ballplayers are more likely to oblige when they're approached at home with a courteous cover letter, a 3x5 file card and a stamped, self-addressed envelope than when they're reached during the season in care of their clubs.

Some of those locations are beguilingly apropos. Floyd Baker, who hit only one home run in 13 major league seasons, lives on Idlewood Avenue in Youngstown, Ohio. Reggie Jackson's address is 22 Yankee Hill in Oakland. Gary Neibauer, a lifetime .069 hitter, lives at 1409 Avenue K, in Scottsbluff, Nev. Sam Dente closed out his career with the Indians and settled at 19 Redman Terrace, in West Caldwell, N.J. Young Cleveland farmhand Rod Craig, who's at Charleston this year for seasoning, lives on—honest—23230 Sesame Street, Torrance, Calif., ex-Cub First Baseman Phil Cavarretta, a lefthanded hitter and thrower, on 2206 Portside Passage, in Palm Harbor, Fla. Mail for former submarining Reliever Ted Abernathy—who made 681 appearances over 14 seasons—goes to 2211 Armstrong Park Road in Gastonia, N.C. (In Abernathy's case, anything would be more fitting than General Delivery.) And ex-Giant outfielder Lloyd Gearhart can be reached at Diamond Acres in Xenia, Ohio.



Of course, the very moment a book like this is compiled it's condemned to being out of date, but Smalling is forever revising the list, ferreting out death certificates for obscure turn-of-the-century players, as well as the dwellings of living but rootless ones. If they don't know a player's current address, the authors tell you what they *do* know. A poignant case is that of Sandy Amoros, impoverished since he left baseball. His entry says, "Old Add 464 E 160th St #3A—Bronx, NY."

To find an address, "sometimes I have to work very hard," says Smalling, some of whose 43,000 autographs are scattered through the book's text. "Every letter I send to a player is marked with 'address correction requested,' and I send out lots of others, to police departments, mayors' offices and libraries in the old hometowns of these guys." He also has a network of kindred spirits around the country—baseball historians and autograph hounds—who keep him posted on changes.

Smalling spent 15 years trying to find Curt Roberts, a second baseman with the Pirates during the 1950s, until, with the help of Brooklyn-based baseball nut Bill Haber and California's Department of Motor Vehicles, he discovered that Roberts had been struck and killed while changing a tire on a freeway shoulder in 1969. Smalling and his compadres currently have all-points bulletins out on Willie (Puddin' Head) Jones, Granny Hamner, Hank Behrman, Bill Froats and Frank Smith. "Most turn out to be dead," he says.

Happily, Amoros isn't. He has since resurfaced at 3542 S.W. 26th Street in Miami. That information is sure to be in the second edition, due, Smalling promises, in March of 1982. The first edition costs $7.95 postpaid and is available from Smalling at 2308 Van Buren Avenue, Ames, Iowa 50010. **END**

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

IS THIS TOUR NECESSARY?

Once again there's talk of an Olympic boycott—this time of the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles. The immediate cause of the trouble is the scheduled 16-match tour of New Zealand undertaken last week by a South African national rugby team, the Springboks, over the protests of black African nations that have long sought to punish South Africa for its apartheid policies, in part by isolating it from international sports competition. South Africa has been drummed out of both the Olympics and Davis Cup play. Further, black African nations boycotted the 1976 Games to protest the Olympic participation of New Zealand, which had sent a rugby team to South Africa earlier that year.

Despite these precedents, New Zealand Prime Minister Robert Muldoon declined to block the Springboks' tour of his rugby-mad country. No sooner did the tour begin than the trouble did, too. There were protest marches throughout New Zealand as well as violent clashes that pitted anti-apartheid demonstrators against police and rugby fans, resulting in the cancellation of one match and prompting the government at one point to consider scrapping the rest of the tour. Then there was the angry reaction of black African nations, which hinted that if New Zealand isn't punished for welcoming the Springboks by being expelled from the 1982 Commonwealth Games and the '84 Olympics, the Africans would boycott those events.

A storm over the Springboks may also be brewing in the U.S. The South Africans arrived in New Zealand via a circuitous route, including stopovers in New York and Los Angeles, after Australia and other countries refused to grant them landing rights. Besides letting the Springboks use the U.S. for transit, the State Department has issued visas allowing them to play matches in September in Chicago, Albany, N.Y., and New York City, appearances that will certainly be greeted by demonstrators and provoke the further wrath of black Africans, thereby greatly increasing the likelihood of their boycotting the L.A. Games.

Powerless to intervene directly because rugby is a non-Olympic sport, International Olympic Committee officials could only express their dismay last week at the willingness of the Reagan Administration to admit the Springboks. "They've taken leave of their senses," IOC Director Monique Berlioux told SI Geneva correspondent Robert Kroon. "We've seen the Africans boycott Montreal because of New Zealand's chumminess with the South African rogbymen. Now it's the host country that's inviting them. If this tour isn't canceled, the damage to Los Angeles may be enormous."

A year ago Berlioux and other IOC leaders objected to the U.S.-led boycott of the Moscow Olympics by piously insisting that sports and politics don't mix; now they're urging cancellation of a sports event for political reasons. But if the IOC is guilty of inconsistency, the U.S. would be similarly inconsistent if, having boycotted an Olympics to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, *it* now dared argue that politics be left out of sports. The admission of a national South African team—as distinct from the individual South African athletes who sometimes compete in the U.S.—would itself be a highly charged political act, one that would undermine a concerted international effort to ostracize South Africa as punishment for policies of racial superiority that black Africans rightly consider an abomination. Besides smacking of racial insensitivity, allowing the Springboks to tour the U.S. would be foolhardy for purely practical reasons: It would risk the wrecking of an Olympics for the sake of three rugby matches.

Officials of the USOC and the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee have their fingers crossed that if the Springbok tour of the U.S. takes place, the resulting controversy will blow over by 1984. Bot like Berlioox, they would be happier if the toor simply didn't come off. Last week USOC President William E. Simon, who occupied Cabinet-level posts in the Nixon and Ford Administrations, urged American rugby officials to reconsider their invitation to the Springboks, and it's easy to imagine that Simon and the well-connected Southern Californians who are putting on the '84 Olympics will try to use their influence to persuade the Reagan Administration to block the tour. In deciding to grant visas to the Springboks, the State Department said it had "no grounds for not admitting them." In fact, it has wide discretion to withhold visas, witness the cat-and-mouse game the U.S. and South Africa have long played in denying and canceling visas to each other's journalists, educators and government personnel. It would be an easy matter to play that same game with visas for visiting rugby teams.

HOME RUN

Because of the nation's sagging housing market, some contractors and home owners have lately tried to dispose of slow-moving houses by raffling them off. Now



comes Jack Large of Allentown, Pa. with a new wrinkle. Unable to find a suitable buyer for his $65,000 Cape Cod-style house, Large decided to let would-be owners run for it. The result is a half marathon, scheduled to be held in Allentown on Oct. 4, in which Large's house will be the top prize.

Large, 43, osed to sell Cadillacs for a living and now runs an advertising agency. It's the only running he does. Despite his lack of background in road racing, he hit on the idea of staging the 13.1-miler as a way of getting around legal problems he feared would be involved

continued

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that about half of all automobile occupant fatalities last year might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data has proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

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in simply ralfling off the house Now all he has to do is come to grips with the rules governing amateurism in running. As Large has it figured, professional runners who enter his race will vie for cash prizes totaling $10,000, but only amateurs will be eligible for the house and other prizes, including motorcycles and a car. He seems not overly concerned that 1) competing for a $65,000 house might compromise one's amateur standing and 2) there are potential problems involved in putting amateurs and professionals in the same race

A fast-talking sort who gives the impression that he could sell almost anything—except, of course, his house—Large has enlisted support for his novel venture from Allentown Mayor Frank Fischl. Large says he will charge a $25 entry fee and that he expects as many as 9,000 entrants The $225,000 in resulting revenues would cover the purchase price of his house, the other prizes and the $100,000 he says he'll spend promoting the event. Oh, yes, Large says the house won't necessarily go to the first runner across the finish line. He says he hopes to somehow devise a workable handicapping formula based on past performance that would allow winners to be selected on a corrected-time basis That way, even the slowest of the 9,000 runners could conceivably get the keys to Large's digs.

DILDIND THE LILLY

In an act of contrition, somebody recently sent a package to DePauw University Athletic Director Tommy Mont containing an assortment of freshly laundered towels, socks and jockstraps—plus $100 in cash. Included was an unsigned note explaining that the objects had been swiped from DePauw some time ago and that the returnee had felt pangs of remorse Though unexplained, the $100 apparently was conscience money, and Pat Aikman, DePauw's public relations director, has already suggested a suitable use for it. Noting that the school expects to open its new $7.2 million Lilly Physical Education and Recreation Center in January, Aikman says, "The $100 will probably buy some padlocks."

SEVERE CASE OF THE "ATS"

Florida State Sports Information Director Mark Carlson has been sending members of the media copies of the Seminoles' 1981 football schedule bearing notations like the following "Bobby [Coach Bobby Bowden] and I would both be happy if you could do something about rearranging that little gem." Although recipients of the schedule won't be able to honor Carlson's request, they could at least proffer a little sympathy. The notation refers to this five-game stretch on Florida State's slate.

Sept. 19 at Nebraska
Oct. 3 at Ohio State
Oct. 10 at Notre Dame
Oct. 17 at Pittsburgh
Oct. 24 at Louisiana State

RAIDERS OF THE LOST SEASON

Whoever designated the letter *K* to stand for strikeout on baseball score sheets must have been prescient. That symbol seemed only too appropriate last week when, at the behest of Labor Secretary Raymond J. Donovan, the parties to the major league players' strike moved their efforts to settle the dispute from a New York hotel to the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service offices on K Street in Washington. After four days of wrangling, the negotiators whiffed. With talks recessed until this week at the earliest, hopes for salvaging the 1981 baseball season faded.

The prospect that the season might indeed be scrapped spurred some irate fans to form organizations to protest the impasse between the owners and the players; a group of Chicagoans that had called itself UMPS (Union of Mortified Protesting Speetators) during the 1979 umpires' strike has now reconstituted itself as GRUMPS (Grim Revival of the Union of Mortified Protesting Spectators).

There were indications, however, that the American public was learning to live without the national pastime. One letter writer to *The Washington Post* rhapsodized that "a pleasant calm permeates this summer all across the country" and expressed the heartfelt desire that "this break in the year-round assault of pro sport" be made permanent. Similar sentiments were reflected in an Associated Press-NBC News poll, in which 46% of the 1,599 interviewees said they missed baseball not at all, while only 15% claimed to miss it a great deal. Intriguingly, one-fourth of those respondents who indicated they were aware of the strike said they were spending lost baseball time doing more work around the home, an equal number were seeing more of family and friends, 12% were exercising more; and a whopping 23% were doing more reading. It was as if the public had enrolled en masse in a nationwide self-improvement course. Meanwhile, movie-industry officials credited the strike with having contributed to the tremendous box-office receipts rung up this summer by *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Superman II* and *The Cannonball Run*.

But the strike clearly continued to bother some people, including, improbably enough, *Boston Globe* columnist Ellen Goodman, a confirmed non-fan who allowed that she was finding the tedium of the strike even harder to take than the tedium of the game. Noting that baseball has sometimes been described as 18 minutes of action crammed into three hours, Goodman said the strike was "10 minutes of negotiations crammed into nearly six weeks." She added ruefully, "Hundreds of reporters who normally relay the pearls from the mouths of Babes, Ruth and otherwise, now relay the pearls from the mouths of lawyers." Goodman concluded with a plea that, as the summer months slip away without baseball, seemed at once melancholy and mocking: "For Gawdsakes. Play Ball!"

DIVIDED LOYALTIES

As a more or less regular feature during the baseball strike, *The Columbus Dispatch* has been staging—and duly chronicling—board games played by members of its sports department matching great major league "teams" of different eras. One mythical game pitted the 1924 Washington Senators, whose leftfielder was Goose Goslin, against the 1935 Detroit Tigers, whose leftfielder was the selfsame Goose Goslin. In its fanciful report of the Tigers' 15-inning, 10–8 win, the *Dispatch* quoted Goslin as saying, "You win some, you lose some."

THEY SAID IT

• David Larner, a spokesman for Lloyd's of London, which underwrote most of the $50 million strike insurance purchased by the major league owners: "Baseball? Rather like rounders, isn't it? Never saw the game myself. But I suppose the underwriters never actually saw the *Titanic*, either."

• Stan Jonathan, Boston Bruin left wing and a full-blooded Tuscarora Indian, speaking at a celebrity roast for teammate Wayne Cashman: "It has been quite a while since anybody from my tribe roasted a white man." END

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EXXON





THE $40,000,000 HORSE

In a racing world gone slightly mad, the Aga Khan was offered that amount for his superhorse, Shergar, but disdained it, and an English plunger, Robert Sangstar, paid $3.5 million for a yearling—double the record **by CLIVE GAMMON**

Social historians may note one day that last week was when the sport of thoroughbred racing went totally, if splendiferously, bananas. In Kentucky, free-spending Americans, Arabs and Greeks were upstaged by an Englishman, Robert Sangster, in a spree that contravened every financial guideline that has hitherto ruled the bloodstock industry. In England, a parallel craziness seemed to reign. There a 3-year-old colt, acclaimed by two veteran observers as the finest thoroughbred to emerge on either side of the Atlantic in this century, was syndicated for nearly $19 million, a price which, strange as it may seem, has to be the greatest bargain in the history of the turf.

This equine epic came into focus early in the week at the Keeneland yearling sales in Lexington, Ky. (*page 17*) and ended with pomp and circumstance at a royal occasion at Ascot racecourse, just west of London, on Saturday afternoon.

At Newmarkat, Shergar was oblivious to the fuss, and on Saturday he won another big one, at Ascot

As the horses paraded for the running of the $375,982 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes, one of the onlookers was Queen Elizabeth II.

Naturally, the huge crowd was pleased to see her, but what the racegoers had really come for was a last, close-range glimpse of another idol, a colt named Shergar, a dark bay with white socks, a white face and perfect manners. As his groom led Shergar around, there was scattered applause—not loud, mind you, rather the sort you might hear at Wimbledon when an unseeded Bulgarian is playing whomever on Court 18. Such a demonstration is rare at the Ascot paddock. "I never heard that before," one spectator said.

Almost unnoticed in the crowd was Shergar's owner, His Highness Shah Karim, Aga Khan, 44, leader of the stateless Ismaili sect of Muslims, graduate of Harvard and one of the world's richest men. He is baggy-suited, plump and balding, with the charisma of a supermarket manager, and if he looked preoccupied, there was an excellent reason for it. In less than half an hour, should Shergar

continued

win the race, the Aga Khan would have a paper loss of at least $20 million. Even Shergar seemed moved by the occasion, stepping sedately across the turf with six of the finest thoroughbreds, five of them older, that could be mustered to run against him. Shergar was such a heavy favorite you would have had to give the bookies £11 sterling to win £4 on him, which hardly seemed worthwhile.

Shergar was foaled on March 3, 1978, at the Aga Khan's stud at Ballymany in County Kildare, Ireland. On his dam's side, his blood was all French—he was out of one of the Aga Khan's own broodmares, Sharmeen. He was sired by the entirely English horse Great Nephew, who had earlier fathered the 1975 English Derby winner, Grundy.

Shergar ran twice as a 2-year-old, winning easily his first time out, then losing by 2½ lengths to a horse named Beldale Flutter. (Beldale Flutter went a little crazy in training this year, escaped and crashed into last year's European Horse of the Year, Moorestyle, knocking him over and bruising him badly. Beldale Flutter also put himself out of action for six weeks.)

But nothing went wrong for Shergar after that one defeat. This year he became a legend by pulverizing his opponents in his first four races. In his two preps for the English Derby he won by a total of 22 lengths. In the Derby itself he came home 10 lengths ahead of the field, the greatest margin in the 201-year history of that renowned race. In the Irish Sweeps Derby, Shergar was so far ahead in the stretch that jockey Lester Piggott eased him up a furlong from home and cantered in for a mere four-length victory. Incidentally, Shergar wasn't racing against a bunch of dogs. Glint of Gold, the horse that had trailed 10 lengths behind at Epsom, had won the Italian Derby and later triumphed in the prestigious Grand Prix de Paris.

By Irish Derby time in late June, Shergar had become unbackable as far as most bettors were concerned, though those with deeper pockets in the megadollar world of horse breeding were jostling to bid for syndication shares. It seemed inevitable that the colt would go to stud at the end of this season. There were rumors afloat that offers of more than $40 million had come from U.S. breeders, offers that nearly doubled the record price of $22 million for which Spectacular Bid was syndicated in 1980. It seemed that Shergar would surely be lost to European breeders and that after his last race, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in France this October, the colt would be Kentucky bound.

Oblivious to the fuss, Shergar trained for the King George VI at Newmarket Heath, 70 miles north of London, at the farm of Michael Stoute, a 35-year-old Barbadian who is currently England's leading trainer. Stoute lives in a mellow brick house that once belonged to Lord Carnarvon, the discoverer of the tomb of Tutankhamen. ("I'm going to dig up the cellar one day," Pat Stoute, Michael's wife, says. "There might be a gold mask or two down there.") Shergar was stabled across the yard, guarded by, among other things, three Jack Russell terriers and a stable lad who proudly declared that he had been stopped only once in 50 bouts as an amateur featherweight.

What could possibly make Shergar worth $40 million? To begin with, his conformation. The horse isn't unusually big—he weighs 990 pounds—but, as his groom says, "He's got a great big barrel and a big bellows, and he has to have a big heart, too, to pump all the blood and the oxygen for that acceleration he's got." His temperament is also outstanding. "A very relaxed athlete," Stoute says. "He's a dreamy sort of horse," says stablehand Clarry Betts, 68. "He doesn't care bloody sixpence about anything. Then, when he's racing, he does everything right."

One morning in June, Shergar decided to go wandering after tossing his rider on Newmarket Heath. First he headed for the town of Bury St. Edmunds and crossed the busy Bury-Newmarket highway, deftly avoiding traffic. Then he cantered for three miles up a secondary road until he came to a signpost pointing to

Shergar completes a rare triple: In the English Derby (left) he wins by 10 lengths; in the Irish Derby (center) he canters to the wire; in the George VI he easily beats older horses by four lengths







Elizabeth II presents the winner's trophy to the Aga Khan after Shergar's victory in the George VI stakes.

Newmarket, where he hung a right and headed for home. He might have made it back to Stoute's had he not been nabbed by the police.

Forty million dollars crossing a main road isn't funny, though the escapade couldn't be blamed for a sensational announcement by the Aga Khan on July 9. In spite of the huge transatlantic offers, the Aga Khan declared, Shergar would stay in Europe. There would be 40 shares in a £10 million ($18,750,000) Shergar syndicate. Six would be retained by the Aga Khan himself and 34 would be sold to outside buyers at the equivalent of $467,500 each. The catch: The money had to be raised in the two weeks before the King George VI. If the 34 shares weren't sold in time, Shergar would be eating bluegrass in Kentucky before the year was out.

If Shergar was truly the horse of the century, then this was the bloodstock bargain of all time. "I am making a considerable financial sacrifice," said the Aga Khan. As he spoke, it seemed to some *that the ghost of an old man was stand*ing at his shoulder, that of his grandfather, the previous Aga Khan, who had named Prince Karim as his successor, passing over Aly Khan, the prince's playboy father.

By the mid-20s, the old Aga Khan had established the largest racing establishment in British sporting history. In Ireland alone he had five studs. The world's richest man, he was presented with his weight in gold each birthday by his followers—and his weight was not inconsiderable. Still, he agonized over whether to tip with a dime or a quarter. He won the English Derby five times, then shipped three of those winners to the U.S.

*The old Aga Khan's name is still men*tioned with bitterness in British racing circles, where he is remembered as the man who caused a hemorrhage in the British bloodstock industry, from which it has never recovered. What hurt the British most of all was that two of the Derby winners, Bahram and Mahmoud, were sold from neutral Switzerland in World War II, where the Aga Khan went in 1940 in spite of the British citizenship and knighthood he had been granted. His assets in France having been frozen, the Aga Khan said, he needed cash.

It is this memory that the present Aga Khan was trying to erase when he put Shergar up for sale for less than $20 million. He is a man very conscious of his *public image, one damaged recently by* the lengthy legal battle that he has waged with American breeder Wayne Murty over the ownership of 56 horses sold by the estate of the French textile millionaire Marcel Boussac. Last December, as the Aga Khan strolled into the Carlyle Hotel on Manhattan's East Side, he was served with a writ by Murty's lawyers that could yet land him in court to face a $50 million lawsuit.

The Aga Khan had other motives for letting Shergar go at less than top dollar. He owns 140 broodmares, and under current U.S. regulations, none of his proven mares can be sent to the U.S. to be covered by stallions standing here because of the possibility of the importation of the equine disease metritis. Not such a bad idea, after all, for the Aga Khan to keep the horse of the century at home.

As it turned out, the European horse breeders had nothing to worry about. "The place is a madhouse," Ghislaine Drion, the Aga Khan's Irish representative, reported from Kildare after Shergar was put up for syndication. Sangster, the multimillionaire English breeder, reputedly tendered an offer well over the asking price. And, according to the London *Daily Telegraph*, in the press box at the Newmarket races on July 9 a group of entirely sober racing writers could be heard discussing improbable ways of

continued



raising the cash in order to buy a share for themselves.

An announcement would be made before the race, said the Aga Khan, and the only concern now was who would be permitted to buy into Shergar. Until last week's Keeneland sales, it was almost the sole topic of discussion among British horsemen.

Then, at Keeneland, on July 20, Sangster dropped his first bomb, bidding $3.5 million for a yearling son of the fashionable Northern Dancer, more than doubling the previous record price for a yearling. On July 23, Sangster dropped an even bigger bomb. He said he had sold Storm Bird, *a colt who had never raced as a 3-year-old*, to an unspecified American syndicate for a world-record $30 million. The papers had still to be signed, but hands had been shaken on the deal, which had leaked out when Lloyd's of London doubled the insurance on the animal.

It seemed scarcely credible, although Storm Bird, another son of Northern Dancer, had won all five of his races as a 2-year-old. He had also been the winter-book favorite for the English Derby. Injuries and illnesses, however, had prevented the colt from running in 1981.



Storm Bird's winning form as a 2-year-old—he never raced at three—made him a $30 million horse

"The yearling we bought at Keeneland was a full brother of Storm Bird," said Sangster. "And the way things are going, we won't have to race him at all." Indeed, the way things are going, racehorses will become something like pork-belly futures. An astute investor could make millions without ever even seeing one.

Which is perhaps why the genuine horsemen at Ascot howled as Shergar came home first by four lengths, with 19-year-old jockey Walter Swinburn appreciatively patting him on the neck as they approached the wire. The odds being what they were, the true horsemen had little to gain financially and they probably would never see Shergar race again. But they loved him as a great horse.

...AND THE $3,500,000 YEARLING

by **WILLIAM F. REED**

As the yearling sale opened last week in the crowded pavilion at Keeneland Race Course, here was Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipping magnate whose wealth is reputed to be almost as great as that of his late brother-in-law, Aristotle Onassis. And over there was an eight-man Arab contingent, led by Sheikh Mohammed Bin Rashid Al Maktoum of Dubai. And lurking just outside the arena was Robert Sangster, the British soccer pool baron who had been the big spender at Keeneland for the past several years.

The breeders of the bluegrass had embraced the wealthy foreigners with smiles on their faces and uncertainty in their hearts. Even as the Kentucky folks wined and dined their visitors, even as they shoved drinks in hands and slapped backs, the breeders were looking for clues that would tell them what bloodlines intrigued the buyers most.

John Sosby, a lifelong Kentuckian, is the manager of one of the biggest bluegrass operations—Claiborne Farm. His boss, Seth Hancock, is a son of the late A.B. (Bull) Hancock, the man given credit for building the Kentucky breeding industry into the giant it has become. But even for a farm of Claiborne's stature, a yearling sale is a test of wisdom, patience, skill and luck.

"You hope you got the horse they're looking for," said Sosby. "It's a game where right now Seth is wondering what they're going to be looking for two years from now. You come here; you prepare; you try to do everything right. Maybe you got two or three years tied up in the finished product, from the time you plan the mating till the time you get a colt or filly in the ring. Then, in a matter of two minutes, it's all over."

The unpredictability of the American dollar, along with the success of American-bred horses in Europe, has turned U.S. thoroughbred auctions into a bonanza for the breeders. The Keeneland Selected Yearling Sale, to give it its formal name, is the biggest and best of them all; it might be regarded as America's answer to OPEC and the almighty yen. At Keeneland, the foreigners pay dearly for their hopes and dreams.

Even before the sale began, it was obvious that the bidding would be prodigious. The Arab contingent arrived in Lexington in a private Boeing 727 that was parked directly across the road from the main gate to Keeneland. It was a way of announcing the Arabs' presence, of throwing down the gauntlet to Sangster and Niarchos. When Sangster retaliated by bringing in a Goodyear blimp and parking it so that it obscured the Arabs' jet, everyone knew that the world-record price for a yearling—$1.7 million—was in jeopardy. That's what Niarchos paid

last year for Lichine, a son of Lyphard.

Considering that no thoroughbred has ever earned more than $2.8 million on the racetrack—indeed, that there is no guarantee a horse will even get to the races—it would seem foolish to invest so much in one yearling. Americans such as trainer D. Wayne Lukas and owner Bert Firestone have preferred to take a more conservative approach than, say, Niarchos and Sangster, by spreading their money among several well-bred yearlings instead of going after the million-dollar babies. Yet the Americans also understand the philosophy that motivates the foreigners to take the big plunge.

"It works like this," said Lukas. "The pedigrees of these horses are such that, if they do hit, they've got a big syndication possibility and they're off and running again. It's kind of like the difference between playing blackjack or craps at Vegas. You can play blackjack for $50 or $60 a hand all night, or you can throw it all down on one roll at the craps table. You come over here and pay all that money, and one horse in every eight or 10, like Alleged [sold for $34,000 in 1975] wins the Arc de Triomphe. You syndicate him for $20 million or so and now you're rolling."

While all the breeders expected to see the world's first $2 million yearling at Keeneland, given the international high rollers in attendance, there was disagreement over which would appeal most. Since the foreigners have come to dominate the buying, the Kentucky breeders have been trying to develop bloodlines to suit their tastes. One of the first breeders to foresee the future was Gainesway Farm's John Gaines, whose family became wealthy in the dog-food business. Back in the late '60s, he syndicated the colt Vaguely Noble. In 1968 Vaguely Noble won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe Jackpot.

"We felt that a great deal of strength in the bloodstock market would come from overseas," Gaines says. "The dynamics of the marketplace would become international and not parochial in nature. We felt this was going to happen, and it did. In 1978, 26 Vaguely Nobles averaged $250,000. The international marketplace made this work. But no one could tell me when I started out that this market would be what it is."

Gaines has tried to beat the competition by buying into young potential sires around the world. In the last few months alone, he has bought shares in leading young colts in America (Temperence Hill, Plugged Nickle, Proud Appeal), France (Argument), South Africa (Destroyer) and South America (Sweet Candy). When the foreigners come to Kentucky, Gaines aims to have what they want.

"The only market that has escalated like the horse market is Chinese porcelain," says Gaines, who collects old masters and modern drawings. "The horse market has accelerated faster than Impressionist paintings, coins, precious metals—anything, without regard to the economy. The reason the horse market doesn't lend itself to standard economic indexes or analyses is that it's still essentially a sport. People are in it because they love horses and they love racing. So when the discretionary dollars are available, they're going to find their way into horses. People also have a passion for it because it's a sport in which you can hit big."

Thanks to the foreign buyers, the offspring of stallions who made their marks in Europe—Nijinsky II, Lyphard, The Minstrel, to name three—have become more marketable than the offspring of such American thoroughbred stars as Secretariat and Riva Ridge. The enduring exception, of course, is Northern Dancer, the 1964 Kentucky Derby winner and sire of more than 70 stakes winners—including Nijinsky II, Lyphard and The Minstrel, to name three—during his 15-year career at E.P. Taylor's Windfields Farm in Maryland.

Inevitably, it was a Northern Dancer colt that brought Sangster and the Arabs to the shoot-out that rocked the racing world. That colt, Hip No. 156, was out of the mare South Ocean, making him a full brother to Storm Bird, the colt Sangster purchased at Keeneland for $1 million in 1979 and will syndicate for 30 times that amount. Sangster was determined to have his brother, at any cost. Unlike Niarchos and the Arabs, who sat in the cushioned seats of the sales pavilion, Sangster did his bidding from the area of the walking ring just behind the pavilion.

The bidding for Hip No. 156 started at $100,000 on Monday evening and quickly went out of sight. The applause that erupted when the bidding shot past $1 million turned into wild shrieks when auctioneer Tom Caldwell finally banged his gavel to end the most incredible five minutes in thoroughbred-auction history. Nobody could believe the numbers on the electronic toteboard in the sales pavilion: $3.5 million, more than double the previous record.

"When we shoot, we win," said Sangster. "I think the Arabs parked their plane opposite the Keeneland gates *continued*

Going, going, bananas: the auctioneer ends the bidding on Hip No. 156 at an astounding $3.5 million





Of all the high rollers, Sangster rolled highest.



The sheikh was consoled by a $3.3 million colt

just to intimidate us, but I had them fooled by moving the Goodyear blimp in front of their plane."

While Sangster was accepting congratulations and the pavilion still was buzzing over the purchase, the Arab contingent regrouped its forces and bought the next Northern Dancer colt, Hip No. 159, out of Sweet Alliance, for $3.3 million. This time the underbidder was William Farish of Texas.

The happiest people in the pavilion were Charles Taylor, vice-president of Windfields Farm, and Joe Thomas, the farm's general manager. They represented Windfields in the absence of E.P. Taylor, the 80-year-old Canadian industrialist, who is recovering from a stroke. Said Charles Taylor, "It's a great shame that my father couldn't be here." It was, indeed. By evening's end, the farm had sold 12 yearlings for $10,090,400, an astounding average of $840,867.

Meanwhile, Niarchos had bought Hip No. 180, a Northern Dancer colt out of Bernie Bird, from the North Ridge Farm consignment for $2,950,000. The final tally on the 10 Northern Dancers sold was $13,335,000—$12,225,000 for eight colts and $1,110,000 for two fillies. Thanks mostly to the Northern Dancers, the average price for the first day of the sale was $271,844, an increase of 42.7% over last year.

The big numbers on opening day only increased the anxiety and confusion of Hancock, Gaines, Tom Gentry and other breeders scheduled to sell their yearlings on the second and final day. Was the big money a harbinger of more to come? Or had the foreigners already shot the works? Was everyone already tired of looking at horses?

Sosby was apprehensive as he took Hip No. 274, a Hoist the Flag colt out of Thong, to the sales pavilion. "We've shown some of these horses 50 times," Sosby said. "The big people, they've all been by to look—Niarchos, the Arabs, Sangster and his bunch. But you don't know what they're thinking and looking for. You don't know how much they got, how much they've got invested. You wonder: 'Did they fire their best shot last night?' In this number 274, I got a horse with the best pedigree in the catalog, but it don't make any difference if they haven't got any money left."

When Hip No. 274 was bought by Sangster for a paltry—by Keeneland's new standards—$525,000 after 38 bids, Seth Hancock was so disappointed that he talked of pulling Claiborne out of the sales game and turning it back into a racing operation exclusively, as it had once been. All told, Claiborne's 15 yearlings brought $4,747,000, a $316,467 average that ranked eighth among consignors and well above the final average of $250,113 for all the 369 yearlings that were sold. Nevertheless, everything is relative in the horse game, and Hancock felt that Claiborne's consignment got short shrift from the breeders.

"Yeah, I'd go back to racing," said Sosby. "With the pedigrees we have in our stallions and mares, why not race 'em? Something's not right. We don't wine 'em and dine 'em and we're honest. I've broke yearlings at Claiborne since 1967 and I've seen more champions foaled, raised and broken there than at any other place in the world. Yet we don't get the prices that some of these others do."

The main reason that Hip No. 274

THE ABC'S OF THE CRAPSHOOT

Back in the 1940s, when the value of thoroughbreds began to rise significantly, the more astute breeders in Kentucky began to look for ways to spread the expense—and the risk—of owning stallions. Group ownership was the answer. That way, if a colt bombed as a stud, nobody would be hurt badly. If he hit big, everybody would hit big enough. Thus the popularity of syndication. Each year the world's principal thoroughbred breeders compete to see who can put together the most attractive, and lucrative, syndicates for colts whose performances on the racetrack make them candidates for the stallion barns at bluegrass farms such as Spendthrift, Claiborne or Gainesway. Until Robert Sangster's $30 million deal for Storm Bird is formally transacted, the current world record for a syndication remains the $22 million raised by Seth Hancock for Spectacular Bid, the 1979 Kentucky Derby winner and alltime leading thoroughbred money-winner ($2,781,607). That syndication was based on 40 shares valued at $550,000 each.

Of other recent heroes of the American turf, 1978 Triple Crown winner Affirmed was syndicated for $14.4 million and 1977 Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew for $12 million, both by breeder Brownell Combs II of Spendthrift Farm. The value of the syndication and the number of shares are determined by what *the breeder thinks the market will bear.*

"It's a very simple formula," says Combs. "You first ask yourself what kind of stud fee the horse can command. For Affirmed, we figured it would be $80,000 [per mating]. Then you multiply the stud fee by four or five years, and that gives you the price of a

didn't come up to Claiborne's great expectations is that the Arabs weren't in the bidding to push Sangster. As a result, the Englishman may have gotten away with a bargain. The bottom line won't really be known until two years from now, when the best of this crop of yearlings will be making their mark on the racetracks of the world.

By the time Caldwell's gavel had closed the final sale, according to *The Thoroughbred Record*, Niarchos and his partners had paid $11,365,000 for 25 yearlings. Even so, their average expenditure wasn't nearly as high as that of the Arabs, who paid $6,525,000 for eight, or Sangster, who paid $5,680,000 for seven. All told, the buyers spent $92,292,000, far above last year's record $59,256,000.

As the Arab jet left the bluegrass and the rest of the horsey crowd packed up and left Lexington for a few weeks of R&R before the sales and races begin at Saratoga, Woody Stephens, a Kentucky hardboot and New York trainer of long standing, was asked for his reaction to it all.

"Boy," said Stephens, "I'm sure glad I don't have to train one of those $3 million horses. If I did, I know this: If the veterinarian called *me* and said, 'Woody, this colt's got a little fever,' I'd just say, 'Don't call me, call the insurance company.' That's got to be some kind of pressure now, don't it?" **END**

share. In Affirmed's case, I figured it out to be $400,000 per share. You then multiply that by 36 or 40—however many shares you want in the syndicate—and that gives you the syndication figure."

Combs didn't have to compete with other breeders for Affirmed because of his father Leslie's long-standing friendship with Louis Wolfson, the former Wall Street financier who owned the colt. Cronyism is important in the syndication business. Not only does it help certain breeders get certain horses, but it also helps certain horsemen get preferential treatment when a breeder is putting together a syndicate. Combs will give his best customers first shot at getting in on an Affirmed or a Seattle Slew. If they decline, he goes down the list until the syndication is complete.

Syndication usually works out to the benefit of all. For an owner, even one as wealthy as Wolfson, it means that the risks, and the expenses, are shared. For a colt like Affirmed, insurance alone runs into millions. Naturally, the original owner will retain enough shares to make certain that he gets some of the stallion's colts or fillies every year of his breeding life. The way Combs worked it, Wolfson kept 50% of Affirmed, and Seattle Slew's owners kept 50% of that colt.

A share in an Affirmed or a Seattle Slew can be a bargain even at $500,000 or so. Each shareholder has the right to send one mare a year to be bred. The shareholder has the option of 1) keeping the foal to race himself, 2) selling the foal at auction or 3) selling breeding rights to another horseman. In the case of Seattle Slew, the current market value of a breeding right is about $200,000. Multiply that by the average breeding life of a stallion, which is about 15 years, and you get a tidy sum. If the stallion turns out to be a superstud like Northern Dancer, the value of a share becomes sweet indeed. And even if the stallion doesn't prove to be notably successful—Secretariat, for example, has been a disappointment so far—his bloodlines and racing record may well be glamorous enough to ensure that a shareholder won't lose money.



For Bid, a spectacular $22 million syndication

Finally, the breeder also profits handsomely. By acting as syndicate manager, the agent for the owner, the breeder usually gets a couple of free breeding rights to each stallion. (It's customary for the colt's trainer also to be given a free season.) In addition, the breeder usually has an opportunity to buy one or more shares from the syndicate. In the case of Seattle Slew, the owners kept 20 shares. Combs bought five and the other 15 were sold to preferred Spendthrift clients. When the market value of Seattle Slew's shares went up, Combs sold three of his five shares.

Every buyer who purchased a colt at last week's Keeneland sales, especially those who coughed up $1 million or more, is hoping his acquisition proves out well enough on the racetrack to be syndicated as a breeding stallion. The odds are against it—and that's what makes the purchase a gamble of immense proportions. The Northern Dancer colt that sold for $3.5 million is odds-on not to earn that amount on the racetrack, but if he wins enough prestigious races, he could be syndicated for a large amount. But the chances are so remote, the gamble so huge, that it's a cheaper, and wiser, investment to buy a share in a breeding syndicate instead of shelling out for a million-dollar yearling.

It was only eight years ago that a son of Bold Ruler sold at Keeneland for the then staggering sum of $600,000, a world record. Bought by a Japanese syndicate, he was named Wajima, after a sumo wrestler, and he had a glorious career, including victories in the Travers and Marlboro Cup. Wajima almost won back his sales price—his earnings were $537,837—but that was small potatoes compared to the $7.2 million for which he was syndicated as a stallion only two years after he went through the sales ring. Wajima, however, is one of the few record-setting yearlings who made it big. For every Wajima there are a number of colts who don't. Kentucky Gold sold for $625,000 in 1974 and earned all of $5,950. Elegant Prince, who brought $715,000 in 1975, failed to earn a nickel. And then there's the first million-dollar yearling, a son of Secretariat named Canadian Bound, who sold for $1.5 million in 1976 and retired winless after four starts.

The real trick is to come out of the sales with a steal. Seattle Slew was bought for only $17,500, Spectacular Bid for $37,000. Yet either the buyers never learn, or else they're rich enough—and bold enough—to gamble on getting another Wajima instead of another Elegant Prince. And so the market soars.

A final note: One should regard the announced sale prices with some skepticism. When Canadian Bound was sold, it was learned that his breeder, Nelson Bunker Hunt, had agreed to "take a piece of him." That meant the actual sales price was considerably lower than the $1.5 million that lit up the board in the sales pavilion. It's an old practice, designed to generate publicity. However, as far as can be determined, none of last week's big sales was thus diluted. —W.F.R.



ANOTHER CAMPBELL MAY BE COMING

If Heisman winner George Rogers turns out anything like Earl, he'll be sainted in New Orleans **by JOHN PAPANEK**

The practice field, bounded by palms and orange trees drooping in the brutal Florida heat, lies just beyond the intersection of Jackie Robinson Avenue and Sandy Koufax Lane. The sign at the entrance to the country-club-like compound reads DODGERTOWN. WINTER HOME OF THE LOS ANGELES DODGERS. This is Vero Beach, all right, and the ghost of baseball is everywhere except on the practice field, where, in one corner, a batting-practice machine is pitching . . . footballs.

Football has inherited this summer now. In 28 campsites from Vero to La Jolla, Calif., NFL players are shedding gallons of sweat in two-a-days, wiping out entire herds of beef at mealtimes and toting complex playbooks to evening meetings while trying to keep one step ahead of "the Turk," who may strike at any time and turn an All-America into an Un-Employed.

Sheets of heat rise above the grunting players on the Dodgertown field while a big porky guy in shorts with a crew cut and aviator sunglasses peers down from a lofty tower. It's Bum Phillips, but you'd hardly know him without his Stetson and armadillo boots.

One player is off by himself, jogging slowly around the farthest corner of the field. It is the day before the season's first scrimmage, against the Dolphins in Miami, and afterward the Turk will pay his first call. The lone jogger looks something like Earl Campbell, the great Texas running back for whom Phillips traded four draft picks and a player in 1978—the instant pro star who made the Houston Oilers a championship contender. But the jogger lacks Campbell's hard edges. In college he ran somewhat like Campbell, gaining more than 100 yards in 22 straight games. Like Campbell, he won the Heisman Trophy and was chosen first in the NFL draft. But Phillips doesn't coach the Oilers anymore. Now he's running the New Orleans Saints—a/k/a the Aints, 1–15 last year—and the jogger is, of course, George Rogers, the 6′ 2″, 226-pound running back whose 1,781 yards rushing last year at South Carolina won him the Heisman and also a ticket to New Orleans.

Rogers is jogging slowly because he suffered a slight hamstring pull five days into camp and has yet to carry the football in live drills. What's more, he's unhappy; Phillips is holding him out of the scrimmage with the Dolphins.

As he shuffles by the tower, Rogers calls in a loud voice, "Sure wish I could play!" He looks skyward. "Hey up there! Sure wish I could play!"



Rogers should give new direction to New Orleans' ground game, which was the NFL's worst in 1980



Rogers bench-presses 420 pounds and has grown to a steel-sinewed 226 since joining New Orleans

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL KENNEDY

"How do you feel?" Phillips yells down to him.

"Like I could play!"

Oh my, how the Saints pray he can. To be sure, asking a running back to turn around a team that was so bad its fans took to wearing paper bags over their heads to keep from being recognized may be akin to using a chain link fence to keep out the ocean. Especially when the team gave up 30 points per game—"29th out of the 28 teams, I think," says one Saint official. For that reason, many fans as well as several of the Saints' coaches and scouts wanted the team to draft North Carolina Linebacker Lawrence Taylor. Not Phillips. He knew what Campbell had done for the Oilers. The year before he was drafted they had finished 8–6 and out of the playoffs. In Campbell's rookie season they were 10–6, then 11–5 two years in a row. They made it to the playoffs all three years and to the AFC title game twice, losing both times to the eventual Super Bowl champion, Pittsburgh. Bum had a hunch that with Rogers, history might repeat itself.

"I just thought that George Rogers would do more for our football team than, say, one guy on defense like Lawrence Taylor," says Phillips. "He's a great linebacker, but if you put him on one side, they'd just run the other way the whole game. I couldn't get him in a position 30 times a game to make the big play. I can get a good running back in position 30 times to make the big play. The best defense is holding on to the football."

Thus, Rogers was the man. He's not the straight-ahead bruiser that Campbell is, nor does he have the speed of a Tony Dorsett. "If he had *everything* those guys have, he'd have to be outlawed," says Phillips. "Earl's a short, low, tackle-breaking runner. George is a tall guy who runs hard. He'll break a tackle, but he'll dodge a few people Earl wouldn't bother about. This kid will make a move, but he'll do it without stopping the way Dorsett or Billy Sims does. You can't compare him with Earl. Earl has led the league all three of his years; this kid is still a college kid. It would be like comparing me with Amos Alonzo Stagg or somebody."

Still, Rogers has enormous strength for a running back, largely because he has a passion for weightlifting. "In college I could bench-press 380 pounds, and I didn't think I could get any stronger," he says. But in a month, under the tutelage of Russell Paternostro, the Saints' strength coach, Rogers has upped his bench press to 420 pounds, which is about as much as a 280-pound tackle can handle. He has added a full inch to his measurements up and down his body, and put on six pounds.

The Saints endured a few anxious weeks after the draft when Nelson Skalbania, raider of American football flesh, made a serious pass at Rogers for his Montreal Alouettes. But Rogers finally settled for a $1 million, five-year deal with New Orleans.

"Why would a great running back want to play in some league where they speak French and kick on third down, anyway?" asks Phillips. Then again, why would a great running back want to play for the NFL's worst team?

"And they talk a lot of French in New Orleans, too," says Rogers.

Nevertheless, he flew in to sign on June 17, and when he stood up in front of the cameras he snatched Phillips' golf cap, adjusted the band and put it on his own head. The cap's inscription was fitting: HELP BUM HELP THE HANDICAPPED.

"Here, let me have that back," said Phillips. "I just want to make a mark on the back of the cap to make sure your head don't get any bigger."

Bigheadedness isn't likely to afflict Rogers, but his shyness and aversion to the press may cause him some trouble. His childhood was even more difficult than that of the stereotyped dirt poor black athlete out of a broken home—like Earl Campbell, for instance. Rogers' father abandoned the family and was eventually convicted of murder and sent to prison. George, his mother and two brothers and two sisters were continually on the move. When Rogers became famous last year, he never expected the story to be told and retold by the national media, but then he's more than a trifle naive about life in the big time.

continued

"I hate attention, you know," he says. "I hate having reporters all around asking me questions while my teammates are off by themselves. I hate autographs. The best thing about being in the NFL is getting to meet some of the people I've always heard about, like Joe Greene and Earl. I always idolized Earl Campbell. People ask me do I want to be like him. I say I want to be better. Might as well *say it, right?*"

He isn't pleased with his first week in camp. There was the terrible humiliation on the very first day, when he was the only player who didn't finish the required 1½-mile run. "We did it at 5 p.m., and I hadn't eaten lunch or dinner," he says. "I was really embarrassed." The coaches pooh-poohed Rogers' failure, but the New Orleans writers, who aren't particularly happy with Rogers, made much of it. One of them imagined Phillips saying, "Well, if it's third and three-quarters of a mile, we'll go to someone else." Rogers didn't think that was funny.

But Quarterback Archie Manning has put a fraternal arm around Rogers' broad shoulders. "A No. 1 draft pick just doesn't turn a franchise around," says Manning. "I ought to know that." In his 10 years, the best the Saints ever did—the best season in their 14-year history—was 8–8 in 1979. "*I* won't be the one to put pressure on George, I assure you," says Manning. "If I could, I'd take all his pressure and add it to mine. I'm 10 years older than he is."



At Vero, the temperature was way above zero

Phillips (left) sees a towering role for Rogers



Manning thinks Phillips' relaxed manner and country humor will also help ease the pressure on Rogers. Last week Phillips demonstrated his knack for deflating an issue before it gets blown out of proportion when he was asked if Manning would call his own plays this season. "No," said Bum, "he'll call our plays. We ain't going to let him make up any."

Although Rogers was homesick and hot and itching to carry the football in live drills, he loved playing along with the routine rookie hazing. One evening at dinner the call came: "No. 1, get up!" Rogers stood on his chair. But he didn't know the words to the South Carolina fight song, so he sang something else. "I sang that song from *Hee Haw*," he says.

What?

"You know, the one that goes, 'Where oh where are you tonight / Why'd you leave me here all alone. . . .' You know. [Singing] 'I searched the world over and thought I found true love / You met another and *fffttt*. . . .' "

When the Saint veterans began arriving late last week, they had a little hee-haw of their own in mind for Rogers, involving "the bucket." The bucket is a gold plastic mop pail with a square cutout framed by a football face mask. On command from a veteran, a rookie is required to wear it for an entire day, whenever he is outdoors. "A veteran on the Saints is someone who has been here through at least six coaches," said one player who has yet to qualify. "One year we had two No. 1's—Larry Burton, a short black guy, and Kurt Schumacher, a big white guy—so we got two buckets and tied the two of them together with a rope. It was great."

"I kind of like the bucket idea," said Rogers. "It'll keep the sun off my head."

Rogers is surely an atypical No. 1. He says money means little to him, that he's not interested in "rich things." His clothes consist of blue jeans and T shirts—except for a pair of ostrich-skin boots Phillips gave him, the only boots he's ever owned. His first act after signing was to buy his mother a new house, and he's in the process of buying one for the aunt who helped raise him.

Next he bought a dog, a Rottweiler that he named "38," which was—and is—Rogers' number. With 38 in tow, he went to check out cars. "I took a Trans-Am for a test drive, and the dog vomited all over the front seat. I was so embarrassed, I felt I better buy a car from the guy. Not the Trans-Am. A Mazda."

He also bought himself a house—in Columbia, S.C. New Orleans was ruled out when Rogers learned it is four feet below sea level. "One hurricane and everyone'll drown," he says. And anyway, New Orleans is "too fast" for this country boy. "I heard that people stay out late there," he says. "Not just late, but till three or four in the morning. That's not for me. I don't drink or smoke or stay out late. Just snuff. It's my only vice."

Why?

He thinks for a few seconds and then laughs. "I don't know, really," he says. "I don't like nothing about it. Kind of makes me dizzy. Well, not *dizzy* dizzy, but kind of light-headed, like I drank beer or something. If you swallow it you get sick." He laughs and laughs.

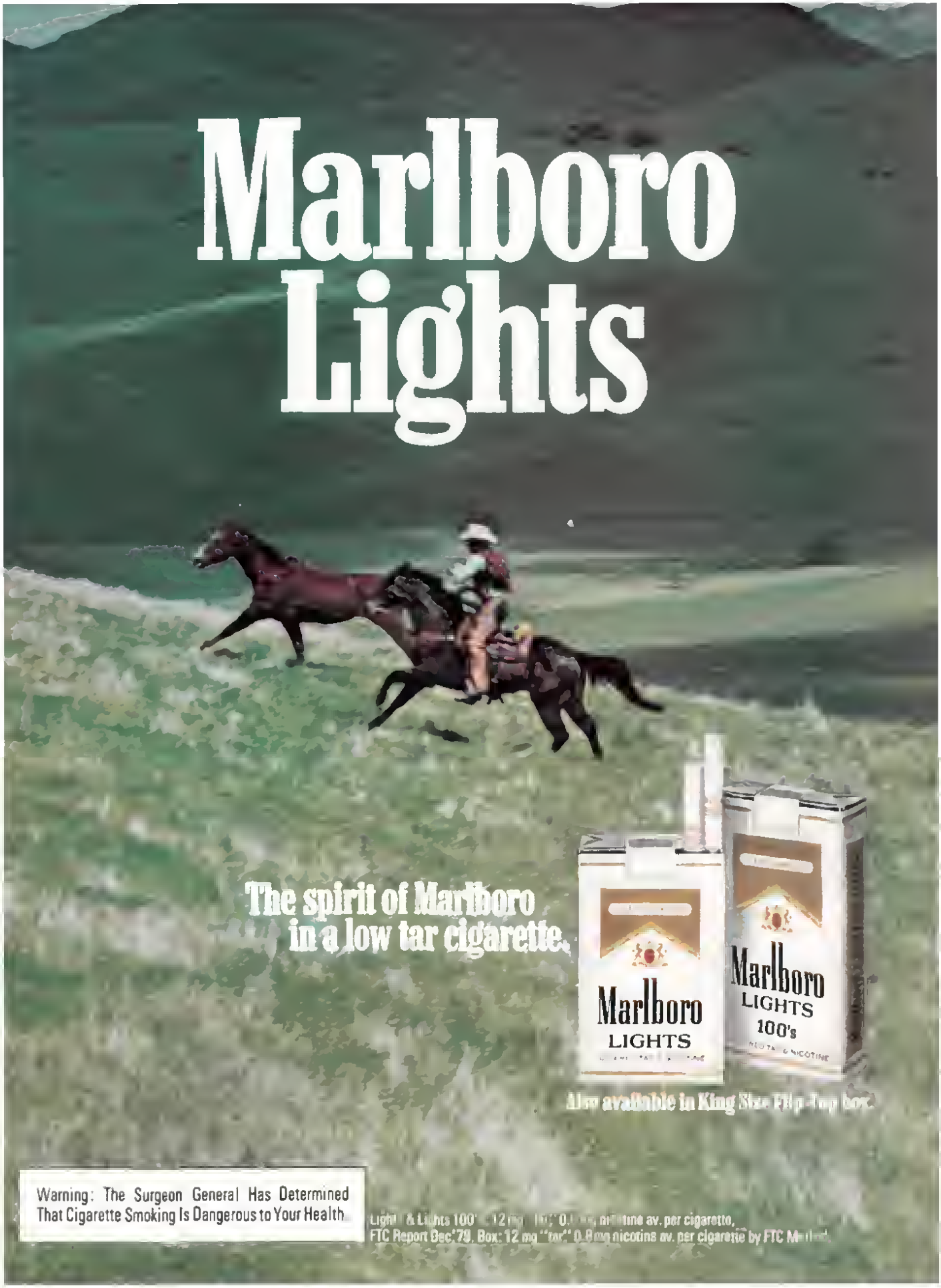
And what about marketing himself, making commercials, cashing in at least a little bit on his star value?

"Nope," he says. "Well, maybe a little commercial or something. That wouldn't be bad. You know, like maybe for this." He opens a can of Copenhagen and takes a dip, or, as he says, "lip." "You know, like those commercials Earl Campbell makes."

Oh, like Earl Campbell.

"Skoal, baby," says Rogers. **END**

Marlboro Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Light & Lights 100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.[illegible] mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79. Box: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

THE POOL

When all 10 lanes of the Nashville Aquatic Club pool are occupied by three or four swimmers each, the noise is that of a very swift rapids running through a steel warehouse. Two large, clanking fans force a little late-spring air into the building, but it's just as humid as the air inside, and its leafy scent is quickly smothered by the pool's heavy chlorine breath.

Standing on the gritty concrete pool deck, jostled by beleaguered mothers carrying away dripping 10-year-olds or bringing dry replacements, the visitor forgets his immediate object and says, "Oh Lord. Swimming."

It has always struck him as a sport that resists understanding, existing out in that worrisome region where commitment begins to shade into dementia. To be competitive, swimmers have to go 10,000 to 20,000 yards a day—at least four hours of intense labor—and then they lift weights. Immured in what seems to be watery sense-deprivation, they train by repeating intervals of 50 to 800 yards, with minuscule rest, hour upon hour, season upon season of seeing nothing but black lines on the bottom or a pace clock's advancing hand. Even the best of them, looking back, seem confounded by swimming's demands. "When I swim laps now," says Don Schollander, who won four gold medals at the 1964 Olympics, "I think, gosh, this is hard. Did I really do this all those years? It seems the worst kind of Chinese water torture."

While the sheer difficulty of some endeavors earns for those who undertake them society's quiet respect, such as that accorded marathoners or mountain climbers no matter how modest of attainment, in swimming only a very few are taken seriously. They're the fortunate



Caulkins, fingers locked to streamline her turn, shows the form that has won 31 national titles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL KENNEDY

ones who are dominant at the time of an Olympics, as were Schollander, Mark Spitz, Donna de Varona. Part of this is because of swimming's being a kid sport in which all the physiological systems necessary for success can be—must be—developed in adolescence. Thus the sport's image: pushy parents and champions in braces carrying lucky stuffed animals. Part is because swimmers are largely invisible, their faces and strokes obscured by their medium, and their races few, coming in binges at the end of long periods of training and tapering. They are the embodiment of deferred gratification, though the reward most of them seem to long for as they approach their majority is just being allowed to quit. "If someone had come up to me just before a race," Spitz said last year, "and offered me $100,000 a year for five years if I stepped down off the platform right then and there and retired, I would have taken it. Right then."

These, then, are the visitor's convictions, that swimming is hard, thankless and estranged from reason, as he comes to seek out the most accomplished woman swimmer in history. Tracy Caulkins, who is working in a far lane, sharing it with two of the Nashville Aquatic Club's fastest male performers, has won 31 national titles over the past four years. She has broken or equaled five world and 58 American records. Her versatility is unprecedented, for she has held an American record in every stroke. After East Germany's triumphs in the 1976 Olympics, Caulkins led the U.S. women back to superiority, winning three golds and a silver in individual events and swimming on two victorious relay teams in the 1978 World Championships. She was 15.

Now, at 18, she trains on, this afternoon pulling, kicking and swimming through 8,500 yards of assorted intervals, stroke drills and individual medley work. She wears two old swimsuits to increase her drag, but still on every turn gains appreciably on her lane mates, Dave Swenson, 18, who will be off to the University of Texas in the fall, and Peter Ferreira, a talented 15-year-old who has done 4:06 for the short-course (25-yard pool) 400-yard individual medley. Caulkins' best for that one is a women's American record of 4:04.63.

"She's so far ahead of all other women in turns and on starts that it's ridiculous," says Joe Goeken, the NAC assistant coach in charge of the age-group kids. "It's streamlining, an ability to get through the water. We marvel because we can't see that she does things any different or any quicker. She just glides."

Swimmers in general and Caulkins in

continued



SEARCH FOR STILL WATER

Finding water that's not moving, holding on to it, using it—no one does this better than Tracy Caulkins, the finest woman swimmer

by KENNY MOORE

particular constitute a prime study in deliberateness. If football is Wagner and basketball is Gershwin, then swimming is Brahms. Caulkins seems not to kick powerfully, but her hyperextensive knees give her dolphinlike leverage. Her stroke is mesmerizing because of the economy of her arms' practiced movement. As the workout goes on, the sight of her ivory arms almost languidly stretching out ahead in the backstroke has a soothing effect, lulling the watcher into forgetfulness of the effort.

"She has amazing ability to hold on to the water," says Bob Munoz, another NAC assistant coach. "When a swimmer is efficient, her hand is always searching for water that's not moving, finding it, using it. That's a gift. I don't think you can teach that."

At one stage of the workout Caulkins is to swim three 50-yard butterflys, nearly all out, then recover with 150 yards of easy IM, then three 50-yard backstroke charges, then another 150 IM, and so on through the breaststroke and freestyle. She planes high in the water during the 50s, her times are not far from records, and she has only five seconds' recovery between sprints. Yet she never gasps for air, and sometimes even has a word for a teammate during her brief rests. "A breath and a shrug," says Munoz. "She must have incredible subcellular efficiency—right where the muscles create work from glycogen and oxygen—because she never really taxes her oxygen-transport system. That's not to say she isn't working like a demon."

She doesn't look like a demon. In the few seconds between sprints, Caulkins' face often takes on a vacant, goofy expression, until her chin juts in concentration as she pushes off. Upon closer scrutiny her face seems to have two distinct parts. Her pronounced jaw resembles that of a slightly pouty child. Her eyes, pale blue under brows of fixed astonishment, seem to be eyes of assent, of controlled eagerness.

The NAC head coach is a slim, dark-haired man of 31 named Ron Young. He has held the position since last September. There are things that are sacred to Young, and you cannot be around him long before they are obvious. One is a passion for improvement in any swimmer who labors nearby.

"Anita! Faster from here to here in the breaststroke!" he shouts over the water while shooting his fists out from his chin. The urgency of the voice is startling, so close to the surface lies its flint. There are ways this is done properly, that tone says, and in my world they shall be done. Young's time on the pool deck, coaching, is a constant alternation of such adamant standard-keeping with a boyish jubilation. "When we won the Great Spirit Award at the Southeastern age-group meet," he says, indicating photos of dancing, roaring kids on the bulletin board behind him, "the whole state of Alabama got together to try to outcheer us and *still* didn't do it. Why, these age-groupers know 26 cheers and they can rip them off one after the other. It was great! A championship should be a celebration."

That belief is connected to the second of Young's fundamentals, the power of the unified team. "We try to get kids to feel that the team, the team goals, are more important than individual goals, and if the relationships are good [which doesn't necessarily mean happy and smiling], then everybody's headed in the right direction. Then the individual goals will fall into place."

There are 140 members of the NAC team, which at its best operates as an extended family. "Tracy is like a team mama," says Young fondly. "She's not a bouncy cheerleader like her best friend, Macie Phillips. She's just there, warm and supportive and caring. If she was the weakest swimmer on the team, she still would be priceless, she puts out so much. She'll get bruised from all the 8- and 9-

At a songfest before graduating from high school, the 5' 9½" Caulkins was in an unusual spot, the rear



year-olds climbing in her lap, and then she'll go out and swim as fast as *any* woman ever has."

At last the swimming part of the workout is over. A Masters group takes over the pool, and the competitive swimmers haul themselves upstairs to a cramped little weight room for their daily hour and a quarter of lifts and exercises. They work with partners. Every 30 seconds a horn beeps and partners change places, doing back-lifts, bar-dips, bench presses, chin-ups, rope climbs—25 stations and 36 exercises in all. Swenson sports a T shirt that reads WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE SPRINTERS GET OUT. This is in contrast to the sign on the wall that says WE ARE WHAT WE THINK. Another swimmer's lingering thoughts are clear from her shirt: RUSSIA, HOW WAS IT PLAYING WITH YOURSELF?

"We stress variation in this work," says Young, "to keep it interesting and because there isn't much specificity for swimming from anything you can do on land. This is simply for power, which is the generation of work over time. That's why we test by asking for 10 repetitions. If you can only do nine military presses with 150 pounds, sorry, it doesn't count." Young has even constructed sets of wheels which, when fastened to an athlete's knees, will let him "swim" uphill. "In California [where Young coached before coming to Nashville] we had girls who put on garden gloves and did 80 meters of uphill crawl in 36 seconds. The guys did 29."

Caulkins, as befits a marine creature, seems to assume her true shape only when immersed. Here, doing push-ups, she displays the swimmer's characteristic plasticity. Seldom is her spine in a straight line. Standing with her knees curving back and her shoulders thrown forward, she has been measured by her sister as being three inches shorter than her official height of 5′ 9½″. She weighs 133 either way.

Finally she is free to talk, which she does in a Tennessee country drawl. It happens, she says, that the next few days are to be crammmed with the rites of departure from The Harpeth Hall School, the distinguished girls academy she has attended for seven years. "I'm done with exams," she says, "but there's the athletic banquet and the senior banquet and baccalaureate and step singing and a party my folks and Macie's folks are having and graduation itself, . . . so I guess I can only fit in little chats."

"Well, you can brood over the hard questions in between."

"I'm not much of a brooder. Except about where to go to college." This decision, recently made, "reduced Tracy to tears," according to Young.

"I got it down to Florida, Texas and Stanford," says Caulkins. "I'd be happy at any of them, I know, but it was just so close, with so many factors to weigh. Finally I picked Florida. I have great respect for Randy Reese, the Florida coach. My sister Amy is there, and the school has a strong communications department. I like to work with people."

It's a wonder. While working as an intern at a Nashville TV station, in the midst of agonizing over colleges, Caulkins was handed a message to call an AP reporter who was checking out a story that she had decided to attend Pensacola Junior College. "I called this guy back and denied it," she says, "but I felt really weird, like things were getting crazy. An hour later I came to the pool and found the coaches and said, 'Something funny is happening.'"

"This AP guy," said Goeken when she had explained, "did he sound dumb?"

"Yeah, he *did*. He was dumb."

"I mean *really* dumb," said Goeken, looking at a choking Munoz.

Caulkins gaped in astonishment. "It was y'all!" she shouted.

"Wasn't that *mean*?" she says now. "And their excuse for things like that is to take the pressure off."

continued

After graduation, Caulkins, who will go to the University of Florida, sheds a few tears with friends





Hyperextensive knees give Tracy the flexibility of a dolphin

"Granted that their behavior was despicable in that case," says the visitor, "isn't there something to the general idea of distracting swimmers from the hours and hours of work you do?"

"Oh, sure," she says, "up to a point. But you still have to concentrate on what you're doing in workouts. There's a satisfaction, when you have a hard set, a rugged workout, and you feel it, and take it, and go beyond it. Don't you feel really good after something like that?"

"Uh, I suppose in principle. But being in the water can get so claustrophobic. . . ."

"It's different for me," says Caulkins lightly. "In the water I can sense where the other swimmers are, how they're doing, because we're all in it together. It's like we're touching, in a way. I know a lot of people think it's monotonous, down the black lines over and over, but it's not if you're enjoying what you're doing, with 40 others who are enjoying it too."

"Have you read *Moby Dick*?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, what you say reminds me of a famous chapter, where Ishmael and some other crew members are assigned to squeeze the lumps out of a tub of spermaceti, the delicate wax from the head of the sperm whale. It's Melville's song to the brotherhood of man, and if you've written on it for your graduate thesis, you can quote parts of it forever. Ishmael says, '. . . my fingers felt like eels, and began, as it were, to serpentine and spiralize. . . . I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it . . . and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers' hands. . . Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget; that at last I was continually squeezing their hands . . . as much as to say,—Oh! my dear fellow beings, why should we . . . know the slightest ill-humor or envy! Come, let us squeeze hands all round, nay, let us squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness.' "

"That's comparable," says Caulkins judiciously. "That's kind of the way it is. It captures a lot of why I keep on. It's for the team, for the community. Because they're all a part of your success."

THE FAMILY

The Caulkins house stands among broadleaf trees atop a green hill of lawn south of Nashville. "Yeah, it's pretty, would you like to help mow it?" says Tom Caulkins, a large, bearded, expansive man. He sweeps the visitor into a living room in which mantel and hearth space is taken up by a garden of crystal and silver trophies. Tracy's mother, Martha, is tan and fit, with a slick pageboy haircut and running shoes. She is a junior high art teacher. Tom is coordinator of group testing for the Nashville-Davidson County public schools, processing 800,000 forms a year. Neither parent betrays in speech a trace of the South.

"We came from Waukon, Iowa when Tracy was six, so I could work on my doctorate at Vanderbilt," says Tom. "A couple of summers later Martha took Tracy to Iowa to visit her mother and left Tim and Amy, then 11 and 10, with me." His expression is one of recollected horror. "Here I was teaching classes, *taking* classes, and with two kids. So we joined the Seven Hills Swim and Tennis Club. Every day I picked up sunburned, waterlogged kids. When Tracy got home from Iowa, Tim and Amy insisted she come out for the team, too. At first she'd only swim backstroke because she hated to have her face in the water. But all three had a taste of success."

Joel Cyganiewicz, the coach of Westside Victory, an AAU team in Nashville, recruited the Caulkins kids "in a package deal," says Tracy, and Tracy was on her way.

"I remember my first meet as a swimming parent," says Tom. "It was in Memphis. An old pool with only four or five lanes. Things took forever. I timed. I helped out. When the first night's competition ended, after midnight, I was exhausted. 'If it's always like this, I'm out of it,' I thought. The next day I stayed back at the hotel, and I got a call there saying, 'Your Tracy won the backstroke.' There was a swimming mother there, knitting. 'Tracy won!' I said. She didn't look up. 'You don't realize it, but that just cost you $5,000,' she said." Tom thinks for a moment of that pre-



The butterfly isn't Caulkins' best stroke, yet she has netted a national fly title

continued

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The Caulkinses share a few yuks at their Nashville home (from left) Martha, Tim, Tracy, Tom, Amy

scient Mme. Defarge. "It's all cost a pretty penny more than that," he says, with satisfaction.

Tracy's first head coach, Cyganiewicz, was apparently furiously intense. "He was scary," Tracy has said. "I always wanted to please him because I sure didn't want him mad at me. He threw a chair at me once."

"Why?"

"To make me go faster," she says now. "I did, too, to get out of the way. But I didn't take it all too seriously in the beginning. I'm glad *I* didn't."

So are her parents. "We were pushy, yeah," says Tom. "Especially me. I wanted to talk about every practice on the way home. I felt the need to be the motivator. We just happened to have a kid who was hard to push out of swimming."

At 10, Tracy had made the top 10 in the country in her age bracket in several events. At 12, having qualified for the senior nationals for the first time, she chose to swim in them, saying, as Tom recalls, " 'Generally you blow your first nationals, so let's get it over,'—and she did. She got about 50th in the 100 breaststroke in 1975 in Kansas City."

And then a touching thing. "John Trembley, Tennessee's NCAA freestyle and butterfly champion, came over and asked me, 'Well, what does the kid do now? Would it be all right if I spent some time with her?' I said sure, so together they went up on the little hill behind the blocks."

"We watched the psyching, the big names, how they prepared for races," Tracy said later.

"I'd guess she got two years' education in those two days," says Tom. "I'll feel forever indebted to John for that." As might all the young swimmers who now benefit from Tracy's own advice.

In that year, 1975, Tracy's club and another merged to form the NAC and hired a new coach, Paul Bergen. "He took a team whose most ambitious goal was to win the Tennessee club championship and said within two years we'd have an American record holder and national champion," says Tom. "And we all laughed."

"We sort of laughed," says Martha.

They did until their daughter became U.S. champion in 1977 in the 100- and 200-yard short-course breaststroke and the 200- and 400-meter long-course IM, with American records in all four events. "By then I knew I'd do well," Tracy has said. "I'd moved up in a gradual progression. And while I'd wanted to make the 1976 Olympic team [she was 16th in the Trials in the 400 IM], now I see that wasn't very realistic. Like several people would have had to break their legs." But in 1977 she won, and in 1978 she led a reconstructed U.S. women's team to Berlin for the World Championships.

"She made a statement when she got there—what was she, 15?—that she felt responsible for how the U.S. team did," says Tom, wincing theatrically.

She must have included Nashville in her take-charge call, because swimmers from the NAC (Caulkins, Joan Pennington and Nick Nevid) outscored every nation except the U.S. In individual events, Caulkins won the 200 butterfly and the 200 and 400 IM.

"A good year," says Tom with a sweeping gesture, as if throwing open French doors or becoming an owl rising from his perch. "Including relays, she had five firsts in the Worlds. But she never reached a single personal goal that Bergen had set for her. Goals are between the swimmer and the coach. Parents don't usually know of them. But I happened to see hers in 1979—on the floor of her bedroom with everything else—and I thought, 'Lotsa luck, *continued*

Under the medals in Tracy's bedroom, the Caulkins sisters—plus a stuffed frog—have a heart-to-heart





kid.' I'm not sure she's reached 'em yet."

Caulkins' 1980 Olympic hopes were boycotted away—"She took it better than I did," says Tom—but 1981 has been a showcase for her. She won four events in the U.S. Swimming International meet in Gainesville, Fla. in January, beating the Moscow Olympic champion in each. Then she won four events more in the short-course nationals in April, all in American-record times.

There is a banging at the door, which bursts open to admit Jim and Mary Jo Phillips, parents of Macie, Tracy's classmate and teammate, and co-producers of the upcoming graduation party. Jim, a dentist, is covered with grass stains from preparing the lawn. These are genuine Nashville folk. "Guess what, you carpetbaggers," says Mary Jo. "We invited 72 people, thinking maybe 40 or 50 would accept. Well, no one has turned us down! Where will we *put* them?"

"I did manage to procure champagne for the punch at $29," says Jim.



A typical day at the Aquatic Club includes workouts with a Nautilus machine and on a swim bench, plus an instructive talk with Coach Young



"Twenty-nine dollars a bottle?" says the visitor with a whistle, thinking this is to be serious celebrating.

"No, $29 a case," says Jim. "You can't get it any cheaper than that."

The Phillipses are Harpeth Hall parents as well, and Tom tells why. "When we knew swimming was going to be a big part of Tracy's life, we saw that if she went to a public junior high she'd have to get the 6:30 a.m. bus, and there would go her morning workouts. Then when the principal wouldn't bend on calling trips to nationals unexcused absences, I told him where he could stick his school and she went to the Hall."

"Harpeth Hall allows Tracy and Macie to miss maybe a total of five weeks of school a year," says Jim Phillips. "'Course, then the kids have to make up all the work, all the tests."

"World travel has its educational aspects," says Martha. "We sent our little girl to Australia at 14 in 1977. In three weeks we got back a young woman."

"I growled about the tuition," says Jim, fastening on the theme of daughters maturing unexpectedly, "but there was a day I took Tracy and Macie to the orthodontist and he wasn't back from lunch, and suddenly the kids are slumped over their school books in the corridor. I looked at that and thought, 'I guess it's all worth it.'"

Just then Tracy arrives home from one of her ceremonial dinners and sits down tiredly. The talk floats on, of how Young has induced the team both to do more and enjoy it more than Tom believed possible. Doing more for Tracy meant that during Thanksgiving's Week of Heaven, she did such things as 100 repetitions of 100 yards, beginning a new one every 65 seconds. There is discussion of Tracy's pliable posture, of how she almost drowned off Copacabana Beach in Rio in 1978. "I never lived near the ocean," she says. "Or rip tides or currents. One carried us out, and then a wave tumbled me over and over. I've had great respect for the ocean ever since."

She survived to win the Sullivan Award that year as the nation's outstanding amateur athlete, the youngest recipient ever and the only one to be on suspension from competition at the time of getting the award. Tracy had drawn a three-month punishment for a curfew violation after the 1978 U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet.

continued

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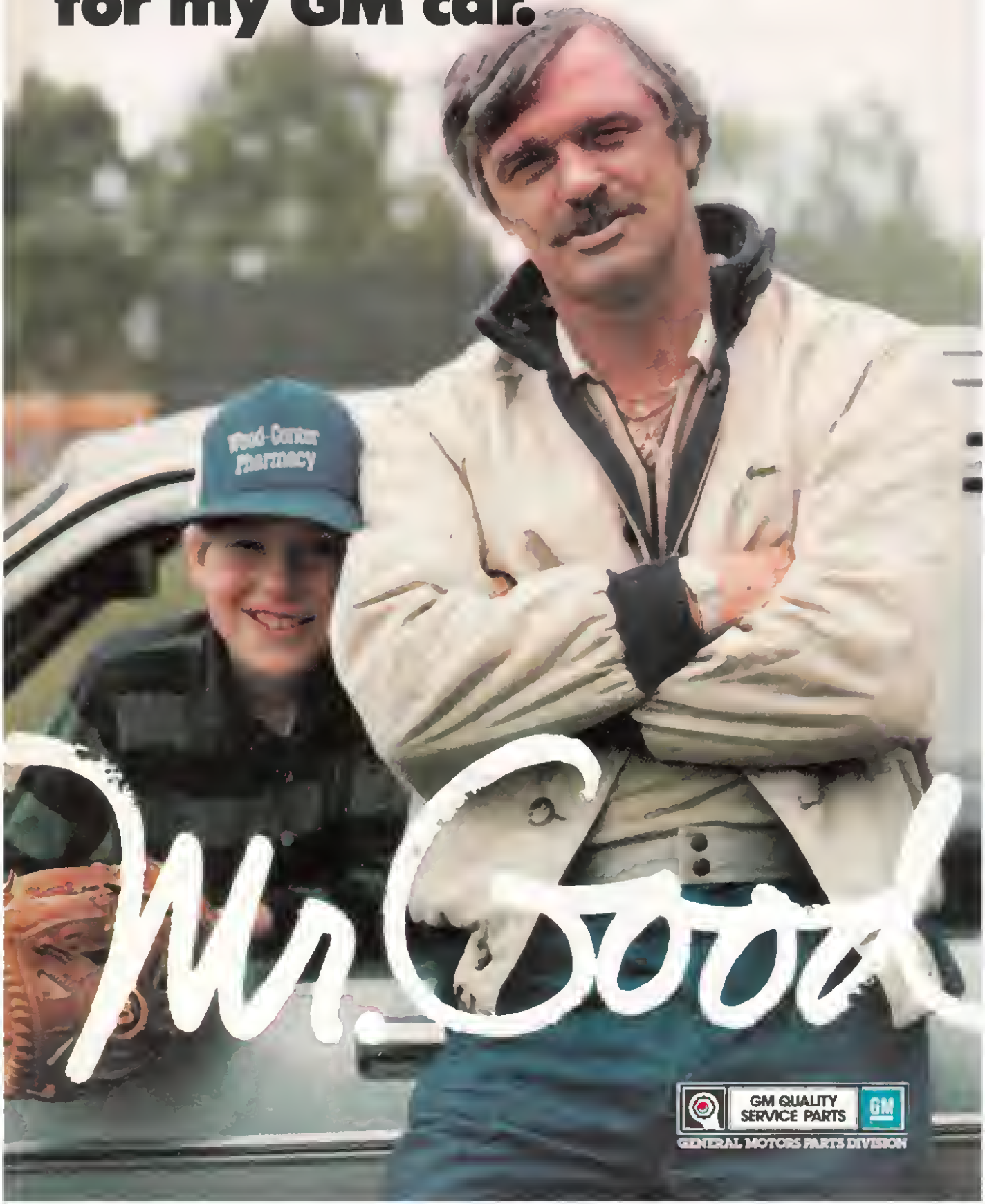
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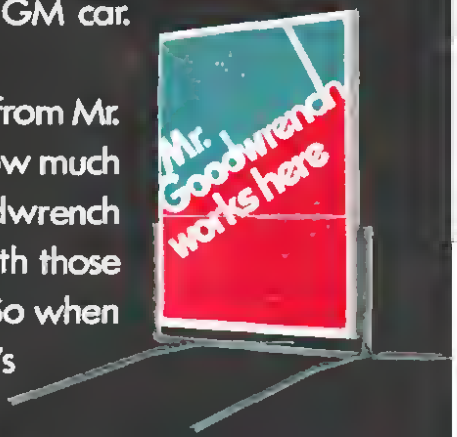


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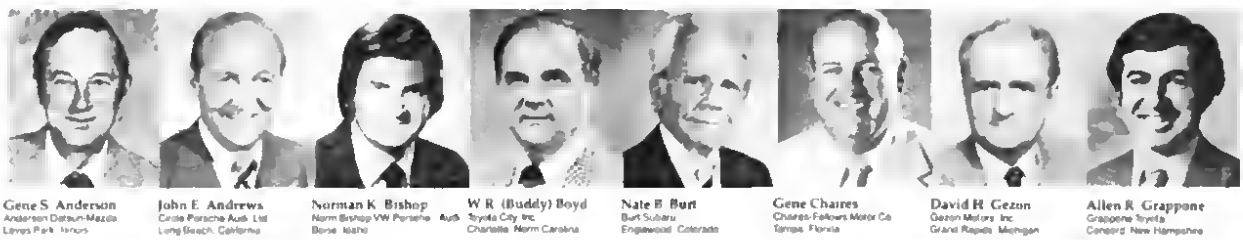
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in Austin. "I deserved it," she says now. "There was a birthday party down the hall, and a lot of people were leaving in the morning. I wanted to see 'em, talk to 'em. I wasn't in my own room at 1 a.m. That broke the code we all sign when we go to international competitions." Later, when Caulkins sat on her school's Honor Council, recollection of the incident made her something short of a hanging judge. "You put yourself in the other girl's place," she says. "It was hard for me to vote for strict punishment."

She discusses her view of swimming's incessant record breaking, contrasting it with running, in which records are infrequently set and often come in spates, after a pioneer athlete—a Roger Bannister or Ron Clarke or Sebastian Coe—has opened the psychological floodgates for others. "I don't think a lot of swimmers have those floodgates," she says. "Or they're open all the time, in expectation that things will happen, barriers will fall. So it's a thrill to break a world record, but I'd say winning is more important. That's the pressure of the Olympics, or some of it." Of 1984 she says only that if she is training well, of course she will try for the team. But three years is a very long time for a competitive swimmer. It will take nurturing surroundings to see her through them. Thus her concern over choosing the right college.

But after Tracy has gone to bed, her father speaks easily of how it will someday be over, Olympics or not. "If neither of my daughters ever wins another race, all the money and time and devotion have been worthwhile," Tom says. "Up and out of the house at 5:15, 5½ hours of practice a day, six hours of school and then homework, it's made them winners. If they use that time and effort in anything else, they're guaranteed to succeed."

NASHVILLE

After the day's 10,000 yards, the team piles into the weight room and everybody lies down. "It's called 'Relaxation,' " Caulkins will say later. "You concentrate on your breathing, on allowing each part of your body to let go. You're warm and really, really relaxed, and your mind's kind of blank, and you're fading away, you're not really paying attention, but of course you are." Paying attention to Young reading from "Team affirmation," a kind of litany of positive

continued



feelings and goals derived from the swimmers' suggestions. "You feel good afterward," says Caulkins, rushing off to award medals to Special Olympians. "I think it's really neat."

Young seizes the visitor for a tour of Nashville, driving first to the outlying Loveless Motel for authentic country ham and biscuits and red-eye gravy. These he eats with a good-humored appreciation distinct from the somber devotionals being carried out at other tables. "This all knocked me out at first," he says, "especially the accents. Whenever the kids leave, they all say 'ba'' like a bunch of sheep, and 'all' and 'oil' are interchangeable and 'cramp' is a two-syllable word."

Dialect and cuisine aside, Young is convinced that Tennessee is a swimming coach's mother lode. "I'm originally from Michigan, where church and family life are important values," he says. "I coached in Florida next, where families weren't always intact, and that leads to a coach's becoming a surrogate parent, not a coach. Then we were in California, where the families were fine but church was missing and there were so many distractions. But *here* it's church on Sunday and visit Grandma in the afternoon. The kids are respectful and eager to learn. They have foundations."

Young is a believer in the interconnectedness of all aspects of life. "There is so much more to those kids' swimming fast than pool and weight work," he says. "It's having their whole life in order. A lot of illness, for example, is related to having no goals. The ideal life is being able to deal with challenges, to be approved and to have relationships grow."

So a coach treats the whole person, who in turn rewards the coach by being a fast swimmer?

"Rewards the *team*," says Young, "which in turn serves the *individual* kids."

The ends merge in this diagram, and the sense of self seems to slip away a little, as it does for Caulkins when she is in the thronged pool. Caulkins, who has won so handily and for so long that she can look at winning and records more dispassionately than any other active swimmer, seems the proof of Young's assertions. She continues because of the team, and her winning lifts the team. All the plans that Young and his coaches have for the team, those flags and cheers and festivals that may have seemed forced on first hearing, can be seen as plans for squeezing hands, for the furtherance of a hard and abiding love.

Young shows off the rest of Nashville, the country music stars' homes, the nearby Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson. He arrives finally at Maryland Farms Racquet and Country Club, across the road from Waylon Jennings' woodsy acreage. Here the team swims outdoors through the summer. It has a gray barn motif, not sustained by the chandeliers in the weight room. "It's a magnificent setup," says Young flatly, "but the country-club, carpeted-sauna atmosphere isn't conducive to getting fast swimmers." That edge is back in his voice, the urging perfectionist who cares so exclusively about the competitive heart.

Yet he has himself in hand. A few minutes later, while passing the governor's mansion and its neighbor, Minnie Pearl's house, he says, "The birds and rabbits are always too slow here in the mornings." He gently swerves, smiling as he avoids a butterfly on the road.

Caulkins (foreground) takes part in one of the relaxation periods that are a mainstay of NAC training



STEP SINGING

Harpeth Hall's white brick mansion rises at the end of a winding, wooded drive that begins at the school's wrought-iron gates. Dusty rose perfume drifts from the assembled families and friends of the 1981 graduating class. They sit, warm and expectant, in tippy folding chairs arrayed on the lawn beneath oaks. Pastel-gowned maids representing the younger classes proceed along the walks, carrying bouquets of magnolia the size of pillows. Cello, flute and piano notes accompany the Lady of the Hall, the older students'

choice as the most exemplary girl, as she takes her place in the portico of the mansion and is crowned with flowers.

In two airy white phalanxes across the steps, left and right, are spread the junior and senior classes.

Step singing is singing from the steps. The seniors go first, the refrain of their song being, "As I stand and watch the water running fast." Tracy is stuck in back, so her parents have to crane and shift to see her. Then the juniors sing. Then everybody sings the alma mater. And then it is over, the white dresses dancing into the crowd.

Tracy rushes to her mother. "Oh, we messed up!" she cries. "The girl who wrote the song started singing the *wrong* thing. . . ."

"It was fine, dear," says Martha. "Nobody noticed."

A sizable portion of the crowd repairs to the nearby Phillips house for the party. The refreshments include country ham, little pecan pies and champagne punch. "Very elegant," says a white-haired matron, lifting her cup of punch.

"Nothing but the best," says Jim.

The napkins are embossed in green with MACIE AND TRACY—GRADUATION 1981. Tracy greets family friends easily and listens to advice that she go into everything from medicine to moonshining. Her school dean is there, Janet Hensley, an effusive woman who exclaims to the visitor that Tracy and Macie "never, not *ever*, took advantage of their opportunities to be indifferent about Harpeth Hall's activities. They were completely unaffected, joyful teen-agers."

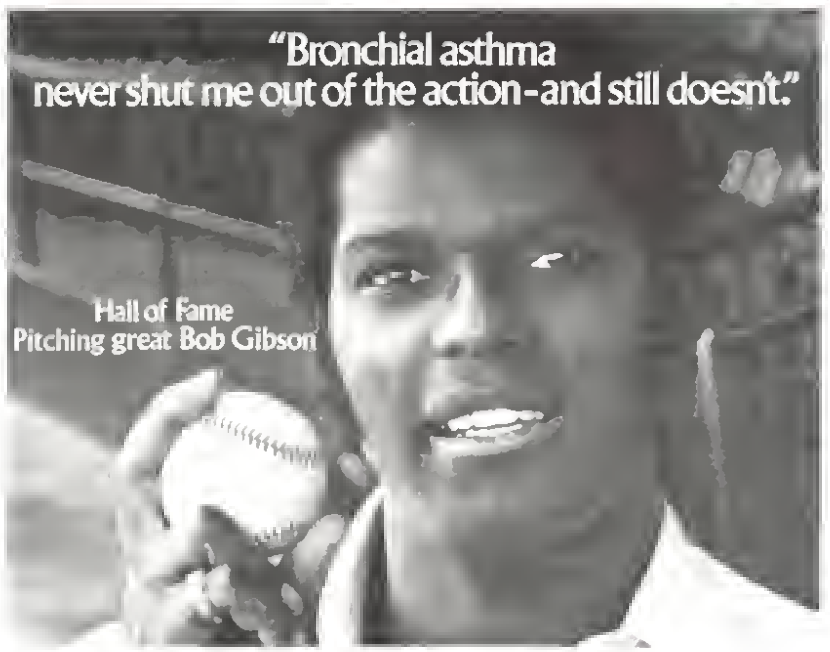
Later, Tracy escapes home, having, after all, another 11,000 yards and a commencement ceremony the next day. The visitor, preparing to depart, thanks her for her patience and candor, and, unaccountably, asks her favorite cheer.

Caulkins straightens up on the couch and sings, "Hippsoo, Rasoo, Titty-boom basoo, Osh-kitty, Osh-kosh chick-a-boom-bah, Titty-roo, Titty-rah, Titty rubby-dubby flubby-dubby, Sis boom-bah, Nashville Aquatic Club, rah rah rah!"

"That's an old one from Westside Victory," she says. "From long ago. Oh to be a little kid again . . . with so much energy, so few cares."

Her mother, melted by this, gives Tracy a long hug. That makes it all seem worthwhile. **END**





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Precisely the right touch

Joltin' Jeff Chandler had that—plus a powerful follow-up right cross—in knocking out challenger Julian Solis and retaining the WBA bantamweight championship

Two days before defending his WBA bantamweight championship, Joltin' Jeff Chandler was explaining the difference between boxing and South Philly street fighting: "In the street, you lead with your power. Oh my, yes! In the ring, you touch them first. *Then* you lower the boom."

And that is exactly what happened last Saturday at the Resorts International Hotel in Atlantic City. Chandler was fighting the man he had taken the title from last November, Julian Solis, a 24-year-old Puerto Rican. With nearly 21 minutes gone in the fight, Chandler threw a left jab at Solis—the same left he had been missing with most of the afternoon. Solis leaned back and the left barely brushed him. That was the touch. Then, with startling speed, Chandler lowered the boom, a straight right hand that caught Solis on the chin. "The right was on its way before the left had really extended itself," Chandler said afterward. Solis staggered forward, clutching at Chandler as he fell. "When he rolled over onto his back, I could see his eyes cross," Chandler said and smiled. The champion, once accused of being a patty-cake puncher, guessed that that right hand may have been the most devastating blow of his career. It ended the fight at 2:58 of the seventh round, extending his record to 26 wins, no losses and two draws.

An hour later he was slipping his greyhound-taut body into a whirlpool full of great, fleshy gamblers. The 5′ 7″, 115-pound Chandler is well known in Atlantic City, where he has fought six times, and he graciously accepted the congratulations that were showered on him. Then he spoke of what will probably be his next defense—not in the ring but in the courtroom. Chandler faces a charge of possession of cocaine, and his trial has been set for late September in Philadelphia. The incident occurred in early June as he was driving his wife, Charlotte, to the hospital. A policeman stopped him, and when Chandler handed the officer his wallet, two packets of coke allegedly fell out. "It's a very heavy charge, but I'm innocent," Chandler says earnestly. A conviction could mean the loss of his title, and right now that's a greater threat to him than any bantamweight fighter on the horizon. In the past six months Chandler has defended the 118-pound championship against the top three WBA contenders, and the WBC champion, Lupe Pintor, apparently wants none of him. "I'm just trying to protect the title," Chandler said last week. "I hope I'll have the same outcome in my trial as I did in this fight."

Chandler, who will be 25 on Sept. 3, is the first American bantamweight champion in 30 years. The last was Manuel Ortiz, a Los Angeles fighter who held the title in 1950. Remarkably, Chandler never stepped into a ring until he was 19. He still remembers the date—Oct. 6, 1975—when he followed a friend into the Juniper Gym in South Philadelphia for his first workout. "I paid my dues the next day and I haven't looked back since," he says. But Chandler had a good job as a foreman with a waterbed manufacturer, and he entertained no intentions of pursuing boxing as a career. "I was working, but there wasn't a sport in my life," he recalls. "I just wanted to stay in shape." At first he boxed as a southpaw—because, as mentioned above, in the streets of South Philly one leads with one's power, which in Chandler's case meant his right—but the coach at the gym, Pat Patterson, turned him around. And he saw something in the kid. "I was rough," Chandler says, "but I had good hands and a good heart."

As with so many top fighters, Chandler's hands and heart were the product of his environment. He learned to fight out of necessity. As a kid he was constantly challenged because, as he says, "everybody wants to fight the little guy because that's a win, right? Only pretty soon I got a reputation for having good hands. But I was also very smart and a very good talker." Walking to school, he had to pass through other neighborhoods,

other "turf." The boys there would demand a quarter or a dime to let him pass. "So I learned to punch them in the eye and run two miles home," he says. "That's how street gangs are formed. Ten guys from one neighborhood get together to walk to school, fight their way there and then fight their way back home. You help me and I'll help you."

In December 1975, a little more than two months after putting on the gloves for the first time, Chandler fought his entire amateur career in a single week. On Monday he knocked out his first opponent in the second round. On Friday he lost a split decision to a highly touted amateur with 75 fights behind him. "I thought I'd won," says Chandler. "I figured if I was already as good as a guy with that much experience, I'd just be wasting my time fighting amateur." So in February 1976 he turned pro.

Over the next two years, Chandler went 8–0–1, but only one of his wins was by knockout. "The jokes about not being able to dent a marshmallow had already started," he says. But in fact he was being matched against heavier opponents, featherweights mostly, because there just weren't that many bantams around. Further, he was just learning his craft. He was raw and prone to reaching instead of putting what little weight he had behind a punch.

Late in 1977, Chandler's manager, Arnold Giovanetti, disappeared without a trace. Giovanetti's car was found at the Philadelphia airport, but he hasn't been seen or heard from since. "It makes you wonder what kind of a sport you're getting into," Chandler says. He approached Willie O'Neill, a jovial white-haired Irishman who was always hanging around the gym and going to the fights. O'Neill is regarded locally as a walking encyclopedia of boxing. He even remembers Manuel Ortiz. Chandler asked him to be his manager.

O'Neill demurred.

Chandler asked him a second time.

This time O'Neill, a retired operating engineer who had no interest in managing, thought of a solution. Her name was K.O. Becky O'Neill (née Birenbaum), his wife.

"With me as manager," K.O. Becky says, "we knew Joltin' Jeff would get more publicity, because I'm a midget, a pixie, a Jewish shamrock." Check the box marked: all of the above. She's 4′ 8″, 87 pounds, and two minutes after she meets you, she'll challenge you to try to lift her off the ground. Don't bite. Her pixieish thumbs press into some nerve center in your wrist, and 87 pounds might as well be 87 tons. Or if you're so foolish as to try to lift her by the elbows, she will practically dislocate her shoulders to forestall you. Muhammad Ali failed to get her off the ground in front of 400 people at his training camp. Last Friday night Sugar Ray Leonard crept up behind her at the casino to try it, but like the *Titanic*, K.O. Becky refused to be raised.



K.O. Becky is small but not unflagging in her prefight patriotics

Vaudeville lovers of the '40s might remember K.O. Becky as Tiny Baron, who was Madison Square Garden's national jitterbugging champion between 1944 and '46 and part of a successful nightclub comedy act. "I saw her show a hundred times," Willie O'Neill says, "and I giggled every time."

K.O. Becky, now 53, is the only woman manager with a world champion. She overcame such minor obstacles as the sign outside Juniper Gym that reads: MEMBERS ONLY—NO WOMEN ALLOWED, and, with her husband's advice, made it a policy to match Chandler against fighters his own weight. Chandler responded with 11 knockouts in his next 16 fights, culminating in his 14th-round KO over Solis in Miami to win the title.

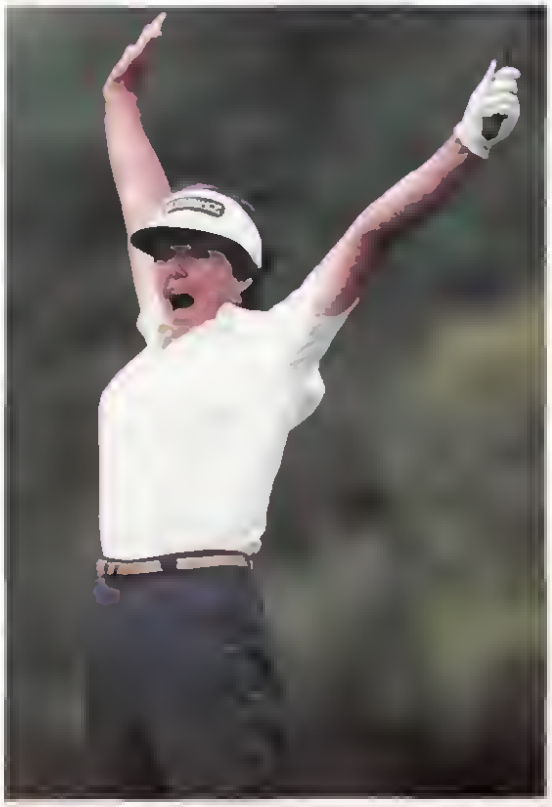
Before Saturday's rematch, Chandler was miffed because he felt Solis wasn't reciprocating the respect he had shown Solis when Solis was champ. Indeed, at a press conference early in the week, Solis pushed Chandler disdainfully, inciting Joltin' Jeff to try to strangle him. When the two were separated, Solis walked away muttering, "He crazy, he crazy"—the first English words Chandler had ever heard Solis utter.

In the early rounds of their fight, the left jab Chandler had promised to stick in the challenger's face was ineffective, as time after time Solis ducked underneath and moved inside, delivering shots to the body. Then he would hold on. In the fourth round, Solis' best, he stung Chandler with three right hands to the left ear. But Chandler was showing no signs of tiring, and slowly the fight began to turn his way. In the fifth and sixth, having abandoned the jab, he started connecting with right hand leads and left hooks. Solis stopped coming in as aggressively. Then, in the closing seconds of the seventh round, Chandler showed the left one more time to set up that final thundering right.

"He tried to rough me up and stay close to me," Chandler said afterward. "Our strategy was to push him off, but he was a little too quick at first. When he started to tire, it worked just like Willie said it would."

Just about everything worked for the Chandler camp this weekend in Atlantic City. Joltin' Jeff bolted from the blackjack tables with $700 of Resorts International's money, in addition to the $80,000 he earned from the fight, and Willie's pockets bulged obscenely with 240 quarters he won when he hit the jackpot on a slot machine. As for K.O. Becky, she was sky-high with happiness, but her feet never left the ground. **END**

by Barry McDermott





Bradley leaps Openly on her way to the title, Whitworth smiles richly en route to the bank

A champion and a winner

As Pat Bradley took the Women's Open, Kathy Whitworth went over $1 million

Pat Bradley has had the reputation of a golfer who could be counted on to dissolve in the clutch, but last week, on the final day of the U.S. Women's Open in the Chicago suburb of La Grange, the long-hitting Bradley punched her way out of her choker's reputation, beating par, the record book and—somewhat sadly for sentimentalists—Kathy Whitworth, too.

From the first day, when her 69 earned her a half-share of the lead, the 36th Open was Whitworth's tournament. At 41, she was perhaps making her final serious bid to win a championship which has eluded her throughout her distinguished 23-year career. She also was going for her 82nd victory, which would have tied her with Mickey Wright for the alltime lead in that category, and trying to become the oldest female Open champion. And finally she was looking for the last $1,031 she needed to become the first woman to earn a million bucks on the golf course. And for 3½ rounds, she had a shot at doing all of that. But Bradley took the play away from Whitworth on Sunday with some back-nine heroics that included a chip-in, a 70-foot birdie putt and enough other sensational feats that she seemed perpetually to be raising her arms in triumph.

Some might count this as an Open that Whitworth lost, but, in truth, Bradley won it with an almost perfect final round of 66, a course-record score that helped her set a tournament 72-hole mark of 279, nine under par on the La Grange Country Club course, a treelined layout made docile by rains and the absence of winds. And she clinched the win with a birdie on the last hole, tapping in a two-footer that blunted a late charge by her playing companion, Beth Daniel, who finished second and smiling after a 68.

Whitworth had begun the fourth round holding—by one stroke—the lead she had nurtured on and off since the first day. But she was visibly jittery on the greens and bogeyed the 3rd and 4th holes while Bradley and Daniel, playing ahead of her, were sowing birdies. Whitworth would never again gain the lead, and her quest for victory ended at the par-3 17th when she dumped her four-iron tee shot into the water. Afterward she was philosophical. "I'm kind of getting used to it in the Open," she said. "The harder I tried, the more it didn't work. Why I can't win the Open, I don't know. I knew early it was going to be all uphill, and I was going to have trouble climbing the hill."

Her task was made all but impossible by Bradley's play. Hers was the sort of round not often seen on the final day of a major championship, and hardly ever by someone who has finished second 24 times in eight years on tour. Bradley is usually an inscrutable, almost dour sort on the course, her face largely obscured by a visor. But Sunday she kept reacting to the miracles she was performing; she seemed airborne for most of the day. "For someone who's not supposed to have emotions, I can jump pretty high," she said later.

After Saturday's play, Bradley was in fourth place, three strokes behind Whitworth, two behind Bonnie Lauer, a virtually unknown seventh-year professional out of Michigan State, and one behind Daniel. But Bradley almost eagled the 1st hole when she sailed in a seven-iron shot that did a dance around the cup. After she tapped in for the birdie, she thought to herself, "Well, this could be the start of something."

Meanwhile, Whitworth was playing in the last group with Lauer, whose excruciatingly slow pace probably didn't help Whitworth's state of mind. As she stood by like a statue while Lauer fretted over a series of misfortunes that led to a front-

nine 40, Whitworth could hear wild cheering for whatever was happening up ahead. After the 4th hole, she was out of the lead for the first time since Friday.

In the end, although Whitworth closed to within one stroke for a time on the back nine, she shot a 74 and had to be satisfied with third-place money of $9,500, which boosted her career earnings to $1,008,469. On the men's side, millionaire status is no big thing; 31 PGA players are over the $1 million mark, including one (Jack Nicklaus) over $3 million and two (Lee Trevino and Tom Watson) over $2 million. But for the women, Whitworth's achievement was a huge milestone.

Her performance at La Grange also showed that she is back on her game, after three doleful years in which a duck hook almost sent her into retirement.

Whitworth has never received quite the kind of attention she deserves because, just as women's golf was taking off on the coattails of corporate sponsors and television, her game was falling over and playing dead. And now an Open she didn't win would put her in the headlines again. "I'm glad she's finally getting a little credit," said Wright from her home in Port St. Lucie, Fla. "It's a shame she had to wait so long. Patty Berg has a saying: 'It's not how fast you get there, but how long you stay.' Well, Kathy's been there 23 years. That's a pretty long time to stay, isn't it?"

But Whitworth didn't stay around quite long enough at La Grange; by Sunday's back nine the focus of the Open was on the head-to-head battle going on just in front of her: Bradley vs. Daniel, the 24-year-old South Carolina native who won $231,000 last season. The duel was replete with near disasters. Usually a mistake in an Open is not to be redeemed, but the wetness of the greens changed that as shots from the rough hit and held. During the first five holes, Daniel never once saw the fairway but was one under par nevertheless. All afternoon both players kept bolting out of the rough and traps and sinking long putts for par. In fact the only bogey either made came at the 16th hole when Daniel hooked a four-iron to the left of the green into a virtual salad bar of grass.

The key shots that eventually poured the winner's champagne for Bradley came at the 13th hole, where she chipped in from 15 feet, and at the 15th, where she knocked in a "no brains" putt of 70

continued

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feet. Said Daniel, "I was trying to ignore her to keep from going crazy. I kept thinking to myself: 'Well, she can't keep this up.' I still can't believe it." At the par-5 18th, Bradley boldly wedged up to within two feet and then sank the birdie putt she needed to stay out of a playoff with Daniel, who herself was looking at a cinch birdie putt of no more than six inches. "Well, I guess I can only win the big ones," said Bradley, for whom this was Tour victory No. 9.

Certainly there were more notable golfers who found this big one embarrassingly tough to play. Nancy Lopez-Melton, who had been the Tour's leading money-winner and who's a cinch to earn several million dollars during *her* career, didn't even finish the tournament. She was bothered by a sore right shoulder and for three days shot 75–73–74 before deciding to withdraw. The injury was diagnosed as a torn rotator cuff that will require about a month to heal. Amy Alcott, the defending champion who set the tournament scoring record last year, also had a disappointing time of it, even though she tried to blunt her anxiety with a low-key approach. In fact, during an opening 75 on Thursday, Alcott was so nonchalant that at one point on the fairway she inexplicably blurted to her caddie: "Disco music has died out. Whatever happened to the Bee Gees and Donna Summer?" Alcott eventually finished tied for 19th on the hit parade.

And Sandra Haynie, who won the Open in 1974—the last time it was held at La Grange—had other things to think about, too. Her car was stolen early in the week, which bothered her mostly because she had her two favorite sets of clubs in the trunk. Using some hastily assembled replacements, Haynie played respectably and finished in a tie for 10th, winning $2,967.

Almost from the words with which the USGA opened the tournament—"Play away, please"—Whitworth was on the leader board and a lot of people were hopeful that this could be her year. "I think it's great," said Donna Caponi, a two-time Open champ herself. "If she wins, I'll probably get drunk as a skunk." Sunday morning, true to her word, Caponi, who would finish sixth, was searching for a place to buy Whitworth a bottle of her favorite wine. No luck, which was just as well, because as things developed, the only glass raised would be to Bradley. **END**



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John Hannah Doesn't

At least not on the football field, where, says the author, his brains, brawn and speed



Fiddle Around

by Paul Zimmerman

have made him the top offensive lineman in NFL history

CONTINUED

John Hannah

continued

See now, it's starting. Ah, what a parade. Simply magnificent. All the great linemen in NFL history, the offensive linemen, those quiet, dignified toilers in anonymity. Here they come now. Look who's leading the way. Jim Parker. So big, so graceful. God was certainly generous when He created him. And see that little one snorting and pawing the ground, the one with the blood on his jersey? That's Abe Gibron. And there's the Boomer, Bob Brown. Look at those forearms. He once shattered a goalpost with one of them. And that giant blotting out the sun, that's Bob St. Clair, all 6′ 9″ of him. And there's Mike McCormack, tall, humble, brainy. Yes indeed, this is a parade.



He weighs only 37 pounds but Seth appears headed in the same direction as his 265-pound papa.

What's that you say? You want to know who's the best of them? The very best? Now how can someone pick something like that? The mere act of it would be an insult to so many players who were so great in their eras. You say I must? O.K., fasten your seat belt. The greatest offensive lineman in history is playing right now and probably hasn't even reached his peak. He is John Hannah, the left guard for the New England Patriots, out of Alabama. He stands 6′ 2½″ and his weight fluctuates between 260 and 270 (no lineman can honestly claim only one weight). He is 30 years old and is in his ninth year and is coming off the best season he ever had. He is a pure guard; he's never been anything but a left guard since he started playing in the NFL. He hasn't bounced around between guard and tackle as Parker did, or Forrest Gregg or Bob Kuechenberg; never had to go the offense-defense route like McCormack and Gibron and Chuck Bednarik.

Is it sacrilege to pick a current performer as the greatest who ever lived, in anything? Greatest actor, chef, rodeo rider? Should we wait until he's retired and enshrined and halfway forgotten? Weeb Ewbank, the former coach of the Baltimore Colts and New York Jets, thinks so. "Back off a little, give it some historical perspective," he says. "Let John make the Hall of Fame first."

Weeb's man is Parker, whom he coached for six years in Baltimore. Parker is also the choice of most of the coaches and personnel men who have been around the NFL for a few decades. McCormack generates surprising support, particularly from the Cleveland Browns' faction. Gibron is a dark horse. Don Shula, who coached Parker for five years and has coached against Hannah for eight, gives Parker a slight edge, but then he whispers, "Don't forget about our own guy, Bob Kuechenberg." Hannah's line coach, Jim Ringo, favors a troika of Hannah, Parker and his old Green Bay teammate, Jerry Kramer, but some people feel that although Kramer and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK WHITE

Right Tackle Forrest Gregg were legitimate superstars, they fell under the category of a perfect mesh in a perfect offensive line. The big-name centers of the past—Mel Hein, Frank Gatski, Bulldog Turner, Bednarik, Ringo—receive little support. The opinion is that guards and tackles work in a less protected environment. Only George Halas might remember Cal Hubbard, the legendary giant of the 1920s, and Halas isn't returning phone calls.

But Hannah has his following. Former Denver coach Red Miller says he's the man. So does John Madden, who coached against Hannah when he was with the Raiders. Parker says, "Hannah's the only offensive lineman I enjoy watching these days." New England General Manager Bucko Kilroy, one of the pioneers of modern scouting, who has been rating and evaluating players ever since he lined up against Bronko Nagurski in 1943, says Hannah and McCormack are the only offensive linemen to whom he'd award a perfect "9."

It starts with the firepower, with Hannah's legs, incredibly massive chunks of concrete. "Once we measured John's thighs, and they were 33 inches," says Hannah's wife, Page, a slim ash blonde. "I said, 'I can't bear it. They're bigger than my bust.' "

The ability to explode into an opponent and drive him five yards back was what first attracted the college recruiters to Albertville, Ala., where Hannah grew up and played his final year of high school ball. It's the first thing you look for, if you're building a running game. Hannah says he always had that ability, but it was his first coach at Baylor School for Boys in Chattanooga, a tough, wiry, prematurely gray World War II veteran named Major Luke Worsham, who taught him how to zero in on a target, to aim for the numbers with his helmet, to keep his eyes open and his tail low. Next came the quick feet. Forget about pass blocking if you can't dance. Worsham helped there, too.

"Oddly enough," Hannah says, "he helped me develop agility and reactions by putting me on defense in a four-on-one drill. You'd work against a whole side of an offensive line. It was the most terrible thing in the world. If the guard blocked down you knew you'd better close the gap and lower your shoulder. If the end came down and the guard came out, buddy, you grabbed dirt because you knew a trap was coming."

"For all his size and explosiveness and straight-ahead speed," Kilroy says, "John has something none of the others ever had, and that's phenomenal, repeat, *phenomenal* lateral agility and balance, the same as defensive backs. You'll watch his man stunt around the opposite end, and John will just stay with him. He'll slide along like a toe dancer, a tippy-toe. And that's a 270-pound man doing that, a guy capable of positively annihilating an opponent playing him straight up."

Hannah's credentials include five consecutive years on the combined AFC-NFC All-Pro team. He missed in his first three years, when the Patriots were a weak team and he was struggling to get out of the Alabama four-point Wishbone stance and master the intricacies of pass blocking. By contrast, Parker made All-Pro his second season and for seven straight years thereafter, dropping off in his last two, when his legs started going. The NFL players have voted Hannah Most Valuable Offensive Lineman in each of the four years the award has been in existence, including the 1977 season, when the coaches failed to select him for the Pro Bowl squad. That was the season he and Leon Gray, who played alongside him at left tackle, staged their celebrated contract holdout and missed the first three games of the season, an event that seemed to bother the coaches a lot more than the players. "Bad little boys in the NFL don't get picked to the Pro Bowl," Hannah said.

Parker, 47 years old now and the owner of a successful liquor store in Baltimore, says he's only gone to three games since he retired in 1967. "I get so flustered watching football nowadays," he says, "so carried away by watching guys making $100,000 a year and making so many mistakes in technique. I get so upset that I wake up with a headache the next morning from banging my head all night in my sleep. But I like to watch Hannah play. He's the only one out there who can do it all—every aspect. I pray to God that he doesn't get hurt, but the way he plays football I don't think he will, because he gives it everything he has. If you want me to rate myself, compared to him, I'll say that I sure would have enjoyed playing alongside him. We would have been hell on that side of the line. I always thought my best games were

continued



John followed his father Herb, an ex-Giant, to pro football.



Hannah's magnificent 2,200-pound bull seems much larger than life, as does Hannah himself

at tackle, not guard. The only comparison I can make between us is that I made All-Pro for eight years and he's got to accomplish that. The way he's going, I think he will.

"I see some things in him that remind me of myself, the way he teases 'em on plays going the opposite way, the way he changes his style on aggressive pass blocking. One time he'll fire out, the next time he'll sit back, lazy, and make 'em think it's a regular pass and then—pow! He'll pop 'em. And on the running plays he's big enough to beat the hell out of them. I've seen him beat them right down into the ground. That's the joy of it, the joy I got out of it."

The joy of being even bigger in a big man's game. And quicker. The joy of being a superior athlete. Parker and Hannah were both gifted in other sports. They were both wrestlers. Parker was a mid-America champion. Hannah won the National Prep Championship and was unbeaten as a freshman at Alabama, before he quit wrestling because it was cutting into spring football. Parker did some amateur boxing before he went to Ohio State; he says he received offers from the Rocky Marciano group to turn pro. Hannah was a three-year letterman in the shot and discus at Alabama and his 61′ 5″ toss in the shotput was a school record at the time

"He didn't even work at track," says his brother Charles, an offensive tackle for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. "He'd just show up for the meets. There were so many things he could do. At that time he might have been the greatest large athlete in the world."

The scouts were noting his numbers carefully. In the spring of Hannah's junior year, Bear Bryant, in an unaccustomed moment of generosity, let the CEPO combine scout onto the campus to time him in the 40 at the end of a track workout. Hannah weighed 305 pounds. He finished the last five yards falling on his face. "I apologized to the scout for being fat and out of shape," he says. "The guy said, 'Don't apologize. You just ran a 4.85.' "

At a Hula Bowl workout after Hannah's senior year, John Madden was overheard saying casually, "You know, the best player I've seen out here is John Hannah." That observation was widely quoted but Madden never regretted the remark. In fact, he repeated the sentiment several years later at a league meeting, on a questionnaire which asked, "If you were to start a new franchise and you could pick one player in the NFL to start your team with, whom would you pick?" Without hesitating Madden wrote "John Hannah."

"The thing I always liked about Hannah," says Madden, "is that he has that defensive player's attitude, that same aggression. There's no rule that says an offensive player has to have that milder kind of personality, although most of

If it takes a tough man to raise 43,000 tender chickens, there's none tougher than farmer John.



them seem to. I've heard that when you tend to go after people aggressively, like Hannah does, it hurts your pass blocking, and I looked for that weakness in Hannah. But I never saw it, except maybe in his first year or so."

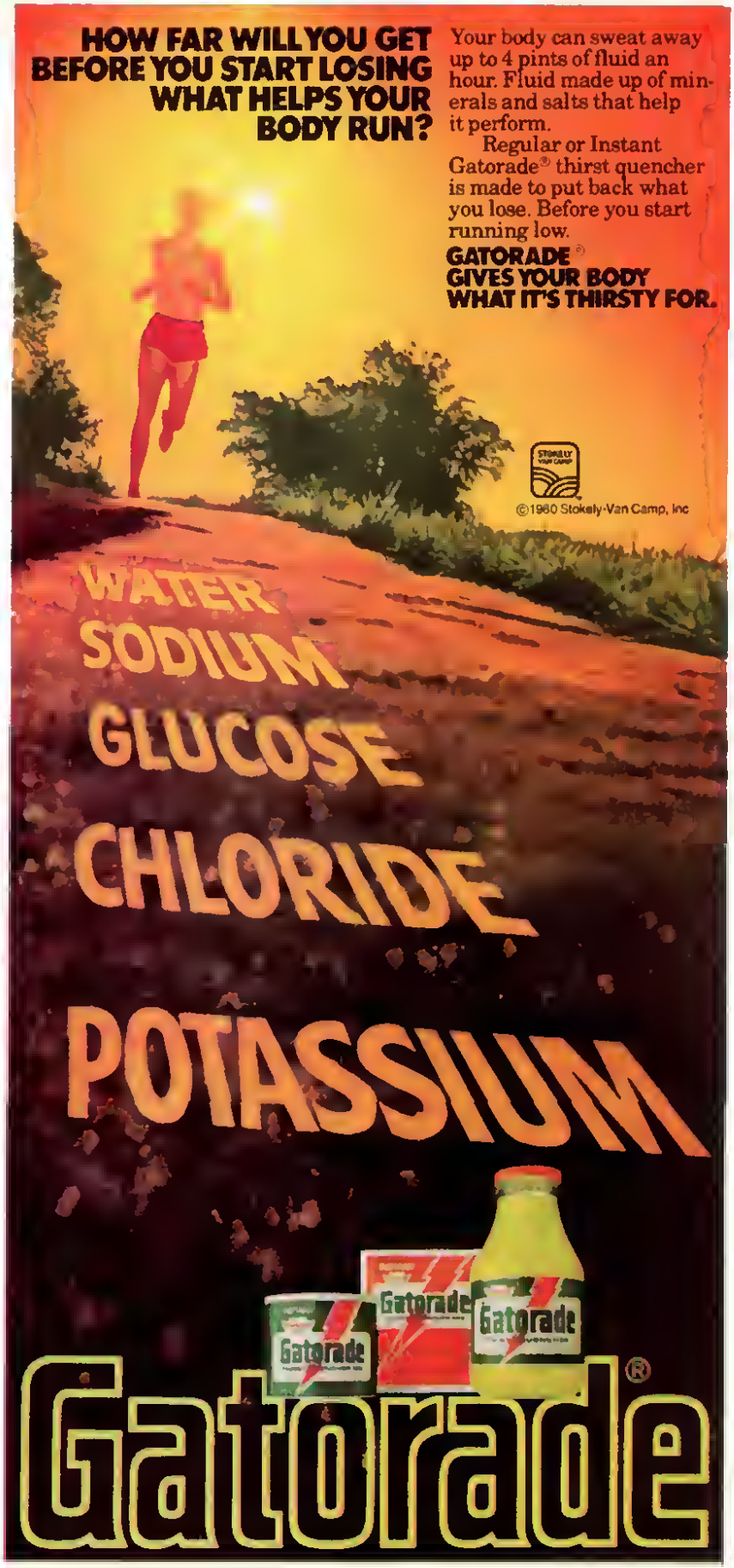
Dick Steinberg, a Patriot scout when Hannah was coming out of college, and now the club's player personnel director, says that when he first started scouting Hannah, "all you saw was that raw power. Boom, the shot, and then he'd be scrambling on all fours." Steinberg's first direct contact with Hannah came at the Hula Bowl. "I ran into him in the lobby of the Surfrider Hotel in between practices and sat him down and gave him a little quiz we used to give," Steinberg says. "There was a lot of noise, a lot of people running around every which way. They'd wave at him, he'd wave back. He was sweating like hell. He apologized because he'd been up late the night before. But he was the only guy who answered every question in the time allotted. His IQ was very high. If you look at the great offensive linemen in history you'll find that they were all smart people."

New England, picking fourth in the first round, drafted Hannah, right after Philadelphia had chosen another offensive lineman, Texas' Jerry Sisemore. He reported to the Pats' mini-camp that March in Tampa and ran a 4.8 on grass. "I remember we were all shocked," says Patriot Coach Ron Ehrhardt, who was then the backfield coach. "That's all we talked about that night, this big guy coming down the runway and, bang, hitting the clock in 4.8."

It is 8:30 p.m. in Crossville, Ala. Hannah's 253-acre cattle and chicken farm is here, 15 miles northeast of Albertville, on a plateau in the Sand Mountain range. It's bedtime for the little Hannahs, nine-month-old Mary Beth and 2½-year-old Seth, except that Seth has no such plans. He's giving a graphic demonstration of what is known as bloodlines.

Seth is running wind sprints—through an obstacle course of chairs and toys. He weighs 37 pounds, not extraordinarily big ("John weighed that when he was a year old," says Page Hannah. "He was very fat"), but sturdy enough, very solid through the shoulders and chest, big in

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the legs, like his daddy. He is running at top speed, all out, but under complete control, with absolutely perfect balance. There's not a trace of a wobble. Every now and then he stops and throws back his head and lets out a loud roar. The Hannahs watch him, waiting for the motor to run down. It shows no signs of it. He turns his head to look at his daddy, and then runs smack into a high chair, bop, forehead first. He blinks, shakes his head and starts running again. "An offensive guard for sure," Page Hannah says.

The blood of two generations of linemen runs through Seth's veins. There's grandpa Herb, who came up to the New York Giants from a Georgia dairy farm in 1951 as a 30-year-old rookie and won the starting offensive right tackle spot on a team that finished one game out of the playoffs. There was Herb's late brother, Bill, a starting guard for Alabama. And there are John's two younger brothers, Charles, the Tampa Bay tackle, and David, who started at defensive tackle for Alabama. Three knee operations cost him a pro career.

An athletic lineage is just one of the similarities in the backgrounds of many of the keynote offensive linemen. They all had speed, they all had high intelligence. And none of them was especially interested in lifting weights, either because they didn't believe in it or because it wasn't fashionable at the time.

"I always felt that wrestling helped me more than weightlifting," Parker says. He was a fully grown 6' 3" and weighed 248 when he came out of high school. "I was always more interested in agility than strength."

"For us, weights were taboo," McCormack says. "It was the old traditional idea about getting yourself muscle-bound, just like those ideas about swimming being no good because it would loosen your muscles, or the evils of drinking water during a workout because it would give you cramps. I was a big man in those days, 6' 4", 250. Now I'd be just average, or maybe even small."

Hannah, who weighed 11 pounds at birth and 150 by the time he reached the fifth grade ("I was just a big fat kid who looked like a balloon"), played at 230 at Baylor School for Boys. A picture in the Baylor yearbook shows him as a very imposing-looking sophomore wrestler, built much as he is now, bulky rather than fat. That was the year he won the prep championship.

Weightlifting is something he got into only a year or so ago, and then he did it to keep his weight down. He was coming off knee and ankle injuries that limited his effectiveness in 1979 and forced the Patriots to cut back on a lot of their running plays. Their rushing yardage had dropped from an alltime NFL record of 3,165 yards in 1978 to 2,252 in '79 (trading Gray to Houston didn't help), and they suggested that Hannah keep himself lighter to save his legs from the pounding they'd get on the Schaefer Stadium artificial turf. He says the weights made him feel tighter and quicker. Last year his game-day weight, which in other years has been as high as 270, never went over 261, and he played as light as 255. It was his best year in football. He showed up at this spring's mini-camp in May at 265 and ran a 4.85 forty.

Hannah had built his strength through work—farm work and heavy equipment work at the family farm-supply business. Parker held down three jobs after school as a high school senior. Kramer grew up bucking bales in the Idaho hayfields; McCormack worked in a lumberyard in Kansas City when he was a youngster; in the summer he'd follow the wheat harvest. Gibron held down a job on a section gang when he was a kid. "I worked in construction all my life," he says. "A lot of people don't realize it, but we were doing almost the same things on the job that kids do in the gym these days. You work on a cement gang all day long, you're doing a lot of 500- and 600-pound dead lifts. You carry a hod up a ladder while you're holding onto the ladder with

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No mere man-mover, Hannah is an all-round athlete who held a shotput record at Alabama and plays a lot of softball in the off-season.

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one hand, well, you're doing one-arm dead lifts. And even in the pros, we were always doing strength-type things. We'd go out at night and instead of chasing broads we'd get a six-pack and then arm-wrestle all night long."

Another thing the great ones have in common. When they first came up, pass blocking was a mystery.

"I started in my first exhibition game with the Browns," Parker says. "It was against the Bears. Here I was, just a few days out of the All-Star camp and I was going up against Doug Atkins and Earl Leggett. We threw 47 passes that night. In my three years at Ohio State we'd thrown 27 passes, and half of them were just throwaways . . . 'Just throw it deep down the field so they'll think we've got a passing attack,' Woody Hayes would say. Leggett and Atkins humiliated me all night long. They were driving me 15 yards past John Unitas. They were laughing at me and calling me 'Buckeye.' The game was played in Cincinnati and when it was finally over I told Weeb, 'You can just turn me loose here, and I'll get back to Columbus. Don't even take me back to camp.' "

Hannah's moment of truth came in the second regular-season game his rookie year when he faced the Chiefs' 6' 7", 275-pound Buck Buchanan. "He said, 'Home Boy, I'm gonna welcome you to the NFL,' " Hannah recalls. "He's from Bessemer, Alabama. One time he actually picked me up and threw me. No one had ever done that before. Then I started trying to cut him and he just stepped over me—or on me."

It was a miserable year for Hannah, in all areas. He came to the Patriots "with a head so fat I couldn't fit it through the door." He split up with his wife for six months. He'd go out at night looking for trouble. His car was stolen and then he banged up his roommate's. He liked the NFL, but he didn't much like Foxboro.

Before long, however, he settled down. He gives a lot of credit to religion, to rediscovering Christ with Page. He started getting his life in order. On the field he was picking up tricks to go with his raw power and great natural quickness.

"I got films of some of the other offensive linemen and tried to study them," he says. "I tried to copy Kuechenberg because I thought my style would be suited to his. I also tried to copy Randy Rasmussen of the Jets because we were built similarly, the same wide base. He's got to get some low-top shoes, though. Those high-tops . .

"I studied my opponents. Ernie Holmes of the Steelers, for instance, hated to be cut. So I cut him four or five times. He'd get so mad he'd just keep going for me and forget about the ball carrier. He'd beat me up but he wouldn't make many tackles.

"One thing I found out was that the guy you'd see on film wasn't always the same player you'd meet on the field. If they thought you were one of the best, they'd get all fired up and play over their heads, just like teams when they go up against the Steelers. They all seemed to try to use more movement against me. If they did use muscle, it was always set up by movement.

"There was a certain amount of fear I took into the games. Not physical fear, but the fear of being humiliated, being made to look bad. The worst thing is to get beat early. That fires a guy up. A guy like Coy Bacon, for instance. He just goes wild if he gets to the passer early.

"Having Leon Gray next to me all those years helped so much. We got to know what each of us could do. We ate together, studied films together. I knew the air he breathed." Off the field Hannah and Gray shared an interest in music even though their talents in that sphere weren't as well matched. Gray was accomplished on the trumpet well before he started playing football as a senior in high school. Hannah only took up the country fiddle a few years ago, teaching himself how to play from books. But as friends will attest, he's no All-Pro with a bow. "When the Patriots traded Leon . . . well, I never wanted to sign another contract with them," says Hannah. "I still haven't gotten over it."



A family portrait of the Hannah family portrait: Seth is on John's lap, Mary Beth is on Page's.

Everyone has a showpiece game that he frames and nails to the wall. Hannah's came against the Cowboys' Randy White in 1978. The coaches still talk about it in Foxboro. But Hannah says he's had his share of bad ones, too. "Oh, Alan Page gave me a rough time one year," he says. "And Gary Johnson

of the Chargers. He got by me one time and he had a clear shot at Steve Grogan, so I tackled him. The ref threw the flag. I said, 'Gee, I'm glad you did that. For a minute I thought I was going to get away with something.' The ref started laughing. He thought that *was the funniest thing he had ever heard.*

"No matter how good you are you're going to have one or two bad games every year. All you can do is take it calmly and think about technique and fundamentals and try to get yourself together. Joe Klecko of the Jets gave me a bad time two years ago. I was sitting back on my heels too much. Last year I had a rough one against Larry Brooks of the Rams. And Larry Pillers of the 49ers—in the mud. That game made me change my style. I realized you can't fire out so much on a muddy field. Pillers was just *sitting there waiting for* me."

Ehrhardt likes to run films of Hannah leading the sweeps. "You see people taking a dive to get out of his way," the coach says. "You'll see John clear out a cornerback, then a safety, and he'll just continue on. He won't leave his feet. Sometimes he'll just stick out a big paw and swat 'em out of the way. He thinks on his feet, too. He doesn't make any wrong choices. He knows exactly which man to concentrate on and which one isn't in position to make the play."

"Mack Herron taught me to hit on sweeps," Hannah says. "He'd *sit* back there behind me and touch my hip so I knew where he was, and vice-versa. He told me that if I couldn't reach out and touch a defensive guy with my hand, then he wasn't in position to make the play. Andy Johnson ran like that, too. He and I got it down to a science. Vagas Ferguson is learning it. Horace Ivory still has to learn. He's got so much speed he always wants to run to daylight.

"I used to have trouble with defensive backs coming up quick and cutting me. Now what I do is lower my shoulder and *get down low with them. If* they're going to go low on you, you've got to make them pay for it."

Hannah's father has some films of John's early games. They go back to the fourth grade. "We laugh when we look at them now," he says. "John came waddling out on the field and looked like a

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"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out... Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly

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penguin." But Herb Hannah filmed some of his son's high school games, too, and he says that when he ran them over, "I saw John doing some miraculous things. One time he was running in front of the ballcarrier, and a defensive guy came up and knocked his legs down. John just stuck out an arm and pushed up off the ground and he was back running in full stride. It's something to see the way he went after a linebacker. He'd cover those three or four yards so fast ... he was into him before the guy could even get set. John would have that three-yard advantage nullified right away. At every stage in which he played, I thought he was the best I'd ever seen."

The people who give Hannah the advantage over Parker in the head-to-head matchup point to that extra dimension—the agility and body control downfield that have allowed the Patriots to build more of a running game around Hannah than any club has ever done around a single offensive lineman. Parker was devastating on in-line blocking and short traps, but he wasn't primarily known as a pulling guard, maybe because he was almost 30 years old when he moved inside from tackle.

Very few players have faced both Parker and Hannah because there's a five-year gap between the end of one's career and the start of the other's. The closest anyone came to going against both in their prime was Mike Curtis, who played linebacker for the Colts in Parker's last three years, facing him every day in practice, and was also around during Hannah's first six years. Curtis gives a slight nod to Parker.

"It's a bitch to compare the two," says Curtis, who sells commercial real estate in the Washington area. "If he wanted to, Jim could collapse the whole side of a line. I never saw anybody he couldn't block. He was a good holder, too. Both had about the same speed and same intensity. Hannah maybe was more consistent, and I'm not trying to be derogatory to Jim. One time in practice I thought Jim was loafing around too much, so I came across the line and gave him a couple of shots. He came right after me and just crushed me. I was young then. I hadn't learned yet about sleeping dogs.

"Jim was so big and strong naturally. I think he had more upper body strength than John. If I look back and think of both of them setting up for pass protection I see Jim setting up quicker. And Jim would improvise more; he was more of an open ballplayer. Hannah was a machine, a highly trained player. Of course that could be coaching.



A WHO'S WHO OF THE FRONT WALL

Two dozen NFL old-timers were asked to name their candidates for "best ever" offensive linemen, and these are the ones that kept coming up, the products of serious reflection as well as fleeting memories—a perfect afternoon, a great year or two. Many fine players may have been omitted simply because the experts momentarily forgot them. The players are listed in no special order.

JIM PARKER. Ran a 4.9 as a 264-pounder right out of college, weighed as much as 285 during his NFL career and ran a 5 1-5.3 at that weight. The best pure pass blocker who ever lived. Knew all the tricks—the quick pushoff, the short jab—that are legal now.

BUCKO KILROY'S MONSTERS OF THE MIDWAY. Kilroy broke in as a tackle and guard with the 1943 Steagles, the Philadelphia-Pittsburgh merger, and played for the Eagles until 1955, when he retired to become one of the league's first player personnel men. He says the Bears were the one team everyone measured himself against in the 1940s. "I lined up against BRONKO NAGURSKI in my fourth game as a pro. He'd been out of football for five years, but the Bears brought him back, as a tackle, during the war. I stared at him like he was Jim Thorpe. What kind of a player was Nagurski? Strong. Not much finesse but you couldn't muscle him. He grabbed a little. The Bears were always great for that. GEORGE MUSSO, the guard, was the guy you had to watch out for. He was one of the real early speed and size guys, 260 and fast—and mean. That's putting it nicely. The game was mayhem then, and the Bears weren't called the Monsters for nothing. JOE STYDAHAR was past his prime when I played against him. So was DANNY FORTMANN. He was just a little man, a technique guy, cross blocks, body blocks, like that. LEE ARTOE and CHUCK DRULIS were guys who could wire you real good—block you and stick to you. I thought ED KOLMAN, the tackle, had the most technique. BULLDOG TURNER was a bull, a great strength guy, but MEL HEIN of the Giants was more skillful."

FRITZIE HEISLER'S FINEST FIVE. Heisler was the Cleveland Browns' line coach for 24 years, through the entire Paul Brown and Blanton Collier eras. The All-America Conference Browns of the 1940s were one of the first teams to specialize in pass blocking. Legend has it that when they broke their huddle, they would clap their hands and chant, "Nobody touches Graham." "MIKE MCCORMACK and LOU RYMKUS at the tackles, GENE HICKERSON and ABE GIBRON at the guards, FRANK GATSKI at center. LOU GROZA, JOHN WOOTEN and JIM RAY SMITH just a shade behind." MCCORMACK is Paul Brown's choice as the best he ever coached. Consistently handled the Colts' Gino Marchetti better than any tackle in the game. Power combined with great intelligence and 4.8 speed. "I've seen him have games," Kilroy says, "where if you were grading him he'd score 100. Not one mistake, and his guy would never make a tackle." GIBRON was a mean, low-slung fire-blocker who caught them underneath and crumpled them. Huge upper body, thin legs, blazing speed. At 4.75 perhaps the fastest of any of them.

JERRY KRAMER. His college coach told the scouts he'd never play at more than 225. At the College All-Star game they weighed him in at 263, with no fat. With FUZZY THURSTON at Green Bay he formed one of the finest pulling-guard tandems in history, along with Wooten and Hickerson of the Browns, Bob Kuechenberg and Larry Little of the Dolphins and Joe Delamielleure and Reggie McKenzie of the Bills. Tremendous pride and courage. A shade behind Hannah and Parker in straight-ahead firepower. Ran a 4.9.

FORREST GREGG. Vince Lombardi said he was the best player he ever coached. Master of the dance. A position blocker who made people go where he wanted them to.

JIM RINGO. Master of the cutoff block, played between eras of the nose guard.

BOB KUECHENBERG. Another teeth-gritter. Tenacious. Dirt tough. Switching from guard to tackle cost him at least two years of All-Pro. Not quite the bodming straight-ahead blocker that teammate LARRY LITTLE was.

BOB BROWN. The Doug Atkins of offense for the Eagles, Rams and Raiders. Annoy him and he'd split your helmet. Only weakness was game-to-game inconsistency, but against big league opponents he was terrifying.

RON MIX, JIM TYRER. The AFL's alltime tackles, with, respectively, eight and nine years of All-Pro credentials. San Diego's Mix was the pure technician, the Forrest Gregg of the AFL, a tackle who pulled to lead sweeps. Tyrer, along with ED BUDDE, ranked as the intimidators on an oversized and highly feared Kansas City line.

BILLY SHAW. Old AFL men will tell you this Buffalo guard was as good as anyone who ever played. Great strength and savvy, a shade behind Hannah and Parker in speed.

STAN JONES, LEO NOMELLINI, GEORGE CONNOR, CHUCK BEDNARIK. Defensive legends for Chicago, San Francisco, Chicago and Philadelphia, respectively, who turned around and made All-Pro on offense. Jones was one of the earliest disciples of weightlifting.

AL BLOZIS. Relatively a stringbean at 6′ 6½″ and 250 pounds who was famous for his defensive work with the Giants, but Kilroy says his real future was on offense. "He had the quickest feet I've ever seen on a guy that size." Killed in World War II. He had played pro ball three years. At Fort Benning he set an Army record by heaving a grenade 94 yards, 2 feet, 6½ inches. At one time he held the world indoor shotput record at 56′ 4½″.

AL WISTERT, VIC LINDSKOG. 1940-era Eagles. Smaller guys, precision blockers, stars in training manuals.

ROOSEVELT BROWN. Eight-time All-Pro tackle for the Giants. Greyhound type. Eye-catching on the sweeps or downfield. Quick rather than overpowering.

BOB ST. CLAIR. A 49er who was the prototype of the crusher-type tackles now personified by St. Louis' DAN DIERDORF and Oakland's ART SHELL.

DICK STANFEL, BOB REYNOLDS. Started as big, rawboned kids for Detroit and St. Louis, respectively, and ended as great finesse and position blockers.

GENE UPSHAW. Knows tricks they haven't even invented yet, even in Oakland.

JIM OTTO. Twelve All-Pro years. Incredible iron man. Never missed a game in 15 years as Oakland center.

MARVIN POWELL. He's the heir apparent. The Jet tackle just needs to string a few of those All-Pro years together. —PAUL ZIMMERMAN

"You've got to look at who they played against. Parker probably played against guys who were shorter and not as quick, but they played with more intensity. But if Jim were playing now, his own intensity level would probably be higher and he'd control 'em the same way. That's the difference between the ballplayers then and now—the intensity. It sounds trite, doesn't it, kind of old, talking like that now?"

Curtis was asked if he still goes to Colt games and he shook his head. "I don't enjoy watching mediocrity," he said, "average players who bitch if they don't make All-Pro and then figure that after three years in the league they're the greatest. I didn't enjoy playing against them, either. That was one thing I liked about playing against Hannah. If you beat him, at least you beat somebody. He was after you so quick. You'd have to react and get to the hole right away or you were a dead pigeon." *continued*

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He paused. "There's another aspect to this Hannah-Parker thing," he said. "We haven't mentioned camaraderie. Parker was very good for the team, very good for his teammates, and I don't know how Hannah is with his teammates. I'm talking about guys you can rely on, now. Didn't he hold out for three games one year?"

Yes he did and it brought the wrath of every moralist from Attleboro to Swampscott down on Hannah's head. There are, as the judge would say, mitigating circumstances.

When Hannah joined the Patriots in 1973 he had very vague ideas about how much a 22-year-old should earn but he knew the value of money. His father had built up the family business, Hannah Supply Co., from nothing, and he didn't do it by tossing dollars away. His own rookie contract with the Giants in 1951 was for $6,000, plus $600 in bonuses, and that was very good money back in those days. After the '73 draft John was in New England for a banquet and the Patriot coach, Chuck Fairbanks, invited him and his wife to step into his office to talk about a contract.

"He told us to keep it strictly confidential," Hannah says, "and then he offered a $20,000 bonus and a three-year contract for $25,000, $27,500 and $30,000. That's a lot of money for Albertville, Alabama, but I knew a first-round draft choice was worth more. I looked at my wife, and she looked at me. Then I decided I'd better get me an agent."

Hannah's first agent, Mike Carroll from Gloucester, Mass., negotiated a contract for four years, at $30,000, $35,000, $40,000 and $46,000, plus a deferred $55,000 bonus. Hannah knew that those numbers were low, but he didn't feel like getting into a contract squabble.

"That's one thing I always resented about Bear Bryant, that he never gave me any guidance on a contract," Hannah says. "Before the draft he told me, 'You won't have to worry about getting a lawyer. You won't get drafted that high.' "

In 1974 Hannah wanted an advance of $30,000, to be used as a donation to the Big Oak Boys Ranch in Glencoe, Ala., a refuge for children from broken homes. The club gave it to him. Part of it was from his deferred bonus, part of it as an additional bonus to extend his contract for three more years—through 1979, with an option for 1980—at $65,000, $65,000 and $70,000. They now had Hannah wrapped up for six seasons, and while they were telling everyone they had, potentially, the greatest offensive lineman in the game, they were paying him peanuts. "Don't worry," he was told in '74. "Your salary will be upgraded if you rank with the top linemen in the league."

"I was," Hannah says, "a dumb, immature, rednecked idiot, and they stuck it to me."

He kept quiet for three years. His salary was never upgraded. At his first Pro Bowl, after the '76 season, he found out what other linemen were making. "I nearly cried," he said. Charley Hannah, drafted in the third round by Tampa Bay in '77, was signed for more money than his All-Pro brother was making. John reminded the Patriots about their promise to upgrade his salary. They didn't remember it. He reminded them again. They told him to see them after the '77 season. So he walked—with Leon Gray, who was having similar problems. They missed the first three games of the year, then were ordered back to work by a newly formed NFL Player Club Relations committee, which also ordered both sides to resume good-faith bargaining. In 1978, with Howard Slusher now negotiating his contract, Hannah signed for four years for a reported base of $140,000 each year and "easily attainable" incentives designed to get him up over $200,000.

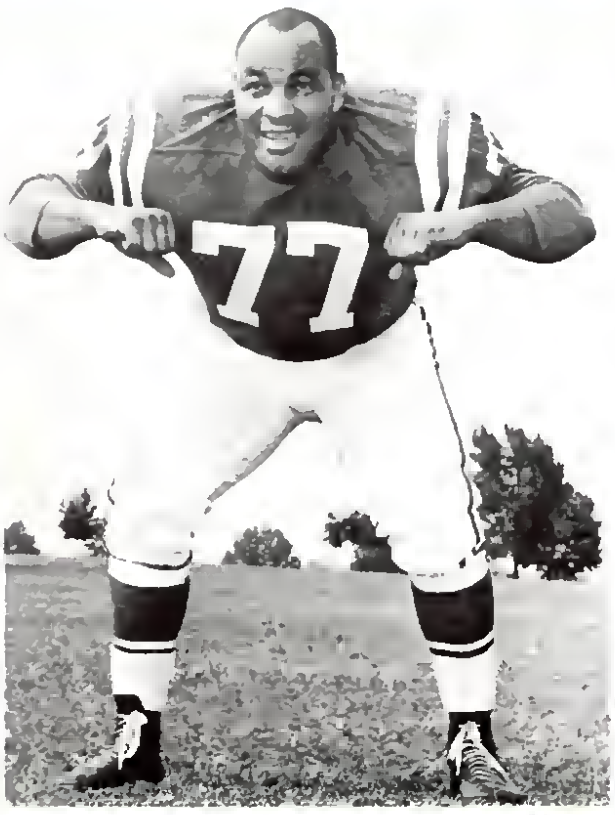
Hannah and Gray got little sympathy while they were out. *The Boston Globe* printed a reader's parody of the 23rd Psalm, a slap at Hannah's deep religious convictions: "He restoreth my Greed. He leadeth me in the path of hypocrites for his own gain. Yea, though I abandon all honor, I fear no conscience."

When Hannah showed up at the Player Club Relations committee hearing in Washington, D.C., the Patriots had a little surprise for him. Chuck Sullivan, the club's vice-president, began to discuss a letter which owner Billy Sullivan's wife had sent John's mother in Alabama. It was along the lines of "I wouldn't want a son of mine to show such disdain for what is right," etc.

"The thing backfired," Hannah said. "I broke down completely and cried. Wellington Mara just shook his head and stared at the table. My dad had played for him. Dan Rooney was horrified. Len Hauss of the Redskins looked embarrassed. I had to excuse myself and go to the bathroom to try to get myself back together, and Ed Garvey came in there and said, 'Great performance, John!' I said, 'Dammit, I broke down. I flat broke down. It wasn't a performance.' Then I broke down again."

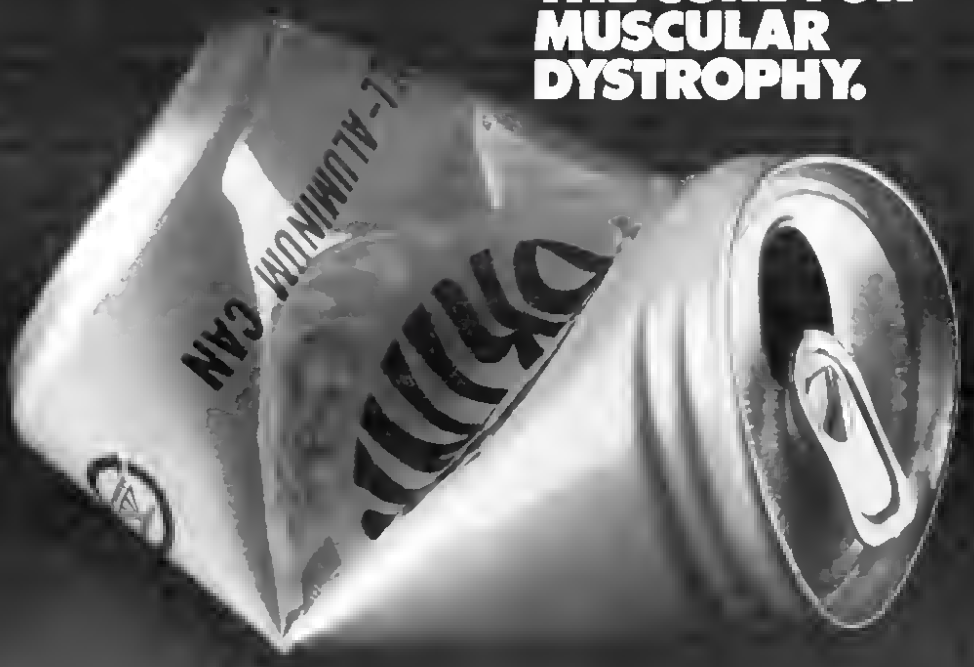
What the letter had done was firm

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Parker was All-Pro at Baltimore for eight straight years.

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up the Hannah family and place them solidly in John's corner. You have to understand this about the Hannahs. They are very close. Herb Hannah and his wife, Geneva, nicknamed Coupe, are proud of their sons (Ron, the oldest and the only non-football player, is the accountant for Hannah Supply), but they are not in awe of their football achievements. They see things through twinkling eyes, never losing sight of the humor in this world, and they express things in a wry and cryptic style.

"Can you imagine me up in New York with the Giants?" Herb Hannah says. "A country boy from Alabama. I remember Bill Stribling and me . . . he was an end from Mississippi . . . taking the subway one day and ending up in Queens. I was always getting lost on the subway. Anyway, we stepped out there in Queens, and everyone was speaking Spanish, and Bill said, 'Herb, this thing's done carried us to a foreign country. Let's get on it and get back.' "



Paul Brown says McCormack, a tackle, was the best he ever coached.

All the Hannah boys work for Hannah Supply and John and Charley will continue to do so when their NFL careers are over. The company has six warehouses; it distributes through seven states in the South. John is the management equipment director and troubleshooter. His office overlooks the Albertville warehouse, and he isn't above driving 50 miles to make sure that Hannah Supply is installing the wiring correctly in a chicken house.

Members of the family are in constant touch. When Charley made the switch from defense to offense with the Bucs, he called John once a week.

"Sometimes we'd have two-hour conversations," John says. "I'd be telling him stuff and I'd say, 'Get on the floor,' and I'd get down in my stance with the phone in my ear, and so would he, and I'd say, 'O.K., now let's work on the crossover step.' Page would watch me, and Charles' wife, Margaret Anne, would watch him, and Page would say, 'What is this, telephone football?' "

John has never hidden his dislike of the New England organization. This spring, when a story broke out of Foxboro that he was considering a future job with the club, he laughed. "Just someone making something up," he said.

Like the giant Antaeus, he gets his strength from the earth—those 253 acres of it, 75 planted in feed crops, the rest devoted to livestock. He raises chickens, 43,000 at a time, in two houses. He has a bull and three cows of his own, and a herd of 134 Holstein cattle that he's raising for a breeder in Tampa. Someday he'll have his own herd of Santa Gertrudis, a Shorthorn-Brahman crossbreed developed in Texas. "Only registered stock," he says. "I'll have 100 to 120 brood cows, three or four good-quality bulls. I'll raise the calves to 500 or 600 pounds and then we'll have production sales, our own auction, closed sales; I'll go in with two more breeders like myself who want to upgrade the Santa Gertrudis stock."

The farm is set in rolling foothills. There's a pond as you enter, mink and deer in the woods. The house stands on a treeless knoll in the middle of the property, a stark, striking, sharply defined house, a Grant Wood painting.

"When I was holding out," Hannah says, "they said up in Boston, 'Well, I guess you'll go back home and slop those hogs for a while.' I think you can see that I've got a lot more going for me than that down here."

It is a Saturday afternoon in June, and the temperature is in the 90s. Hannah has just finished inspecting his chickens and trimming weeds around half a mile of electric fencing. His shirt is black with sweat, and he sits on the ground, his back against a wooden fence, watching his 2,200-pound Santa Gertrudis bull.

The bull is walking slowly to the water trough, the rich red-brown of his hide gleaming in the afternoon sun, his hindquarters swaying gently, the huge muscles of his shoulders bunching and relaxing. He seems longer than a bull should be, more like a mini-locomotive. His hind legs seem different, too, bulging with heavy muscles, instead of tapering. A gentle, magnificent animal. The three heifers at the trough slide sideways to let him through, and then stare at him as he drinks. Hannah laughs and shakes his head.

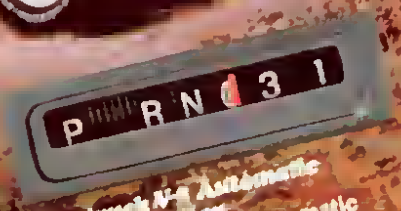
"Goes anywhere he wants, does anything he wants," he says. "Who's gonna argue with him? People come from all over just to see him. He's still a baby, only four years old. He'll be 2,800 pounds, at least, when he's full grown. I like to come down here and sit against this fence and just look at him.

"Ain't he something?"

Something indeed. And so is John Hannah. **END**

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On The Scene

by FRANZ LIDZ

THE BLACKFLY FESTIVAL COMPETITORS REALLY HAD TO STICK THEIR NECKS OUT

The blackfly is a wonderfully misanthropic insect that keeps the Adirondacks from being infested with tourists during June and, to a lesser degree, August. Among those who don't like the little gnats—*Simulium hirtipes*—are resort owners, fishermen, lumberjacks, beer distributors, hikers, vacationers and permanent residents. It's hard to be fond of an insect whose main occupation—at least among females of the species—seems to be sucking blood from the backs of people's necks. (They're partial to ankles, too.) City dwellers often find the blackfly so obnoxious that they'd almost rather spend their vacations battling urban cockroaches.

But the Inlet, N.Y. Chamber of Commerce has tried to make a virtue out of blackflies. Inlet is a woodsy little Adirondacks town (pop. 327) that calls itself the Blackfly Capital of the World, and on June 6 it declared a blackfly festival, a day to celebrate the blackfly bite. Despite using the blackfly to promote itself, Inlet is at best ambivalent about the insect; the citizenry would be just as happy if all the blackflies moved to neighboring Old Forge. In fact the Inlet Chamber of Commerce hoped the festival wouldn't draw flies—and it hardly did.

"California has smog, Kansas has tornadoes, and we have blackflies," said Sally Steinfurth, owner of The Bear's Den restaurant, who dreamed up the festival. "We wanted to show people that there really aren't that many flies up here anymore."

The blackfly salute included a slide show on the insect's mating habits, a square dance and the presentation of an enormous fly-shaped chocolate and licorice cake that was ceremoniously dedicated and eaten. "We ate the fly instead of it eating us," said Chamber President Robert Egenhofer. Bars provided spectators with fly-catching concoctions like Scott's Inn's Blackfly Bomber and Klock's Restaurant's Blackfly Stinger, a semilethal mixture of blackberry brandy, crème de menthe and crème de cacao.

But the main event was the Blackfly Walk, in which two dozen hardy people climbed to the top of nearby Rocky Mountain, which overlooks Fourth Lake, striving for the high-low blackfly championship of the Adirondacks. Prizes were given for the most and the fewest neck bites. The Chamber wanted to show that the blackfly's bite is less fearsome than its bark; what it proved is that one can walk all the way to the top of Rocky Mountain and not get bitten.

At the base of the half-mile trail, the necks of the competitors were checked with flashlights for illegal previous bites. Homebred anti-fly remedies abounded for those contesting for the low-bite title. In the old days, Adirondacks woodsmen utilized smudge pots and ointments such as *Pflueger's Perfumed Shoo Fly* Cream, and Wood's Improved Lollacapop, a compound of mutton tallow, beeswax and camphor. Nowadays, low-bite contestants hang strips of Bounce fabric softener from their hats or rub on Avon's Skin-So-Soft, which, Steinfurth says, is more popular in Inlet as an insect repellent than as a bath oil.

"Vitamin B-1 is also good for keeping blackflies away," said Ida Hazen, one of the official neck checkers. "They can't stand the smell of it."

"I always thought it was vitamin B-12," said Irene Yeager of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Well, anyway," said Hazen with a small shrug, "it's one of the B's."

Seven-year-old Heather Hand of Inlet had a good idea of what blackflies are. "They're tiny black things with six feet and little bags stuck to their chins," she said. "They've got eight sharp teeth, but they're not very bright." Indeed, Will Cuppy, the late humorist, once wrote of the buffalo gnat, as the insect is sometimes called, "There's a little speck in his head that may be a brain."

Heather tried for the most-bitten prize. "I know I'm going to win," she said confidently. "I've got nothing on to protect me." She braided her hair, bowed her head and walked toward the top of Rocky Mountain with her braids pulled forward. "It's a terrible thing to send your child out there to get bitten just so she can win a prize," said her mother.

Every now and then Forest Ranger Gary Lee would advise the contestants to stop. "Give the flies a chance to do some chewing," he'd say. About halfway up he cautioned the competitors by saying, "If you get bit by a mosquito, it's not going to count."



ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICE MOONEY

The blackflies did have enough sense to stay home, there having been a gusty early-morning squall and a recent spraying of insecticide. Only two of the contestants even got nipped—Richard Sims, owner of Beckers Resort on Fourth Lake, and your devoted woodlands chronicler. For his bite, Sims was given an "unsurvival kit" consisting of an empty can of Band-Aids, a broken flyswatter and a jar of about 50 blackflies. Yours truly got a Band-Aid.

"The guests of honor didn't even show up at their own party," said Hazen. "Next year," added Steinfurth, "we may have to import them."

Poor Heather didn't get a single blackfly bite and came home disappointed. "I think I've got a blackfly bite," she shouted excitedly at the finish line.

"Sorry," said one of the neck checkers. "That's only a mole." **END**

"I remember mom's home cookin'!"





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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 20-26

Compiled by ALEXANDER WOLFF

BOWLING—MIKE MUDBY defeated Gil Shiker 205-202 in Windsor, Ontario, to win the $100,000 Canadian Open.

BOXING—JEFF CHANDLER retained his WBA bantamweight crown with a seventh round knockout of Julian Solis in Atlantic City, N.J. *(page 40)*

WBC bantamweight champion LUPE PINTOR successfully defended his title with an eighth round TKO of Juvito Rengifo in Las Vegas.

CANOEING—The U.S. won four of nine gold medals during the slalom competition at the Wild Water World Championships in Bala, Wales, as STEPHEN and MICHAEL GARVIS won the C-2 men's event, FRITZ MILTHALER-MAY and FRITZ HALLER were victors in the C-2 mixed, and JON LUGBILL was the C-1 men's titlist. Lughill then joined his brother RON and DAVID HEARN to win the C-1 team championship.

GOLF—JOHN MAHAFFEY fired an eight-under-par 276 to win the $300,000 PGA tournament in Williamsburg, Va., by two shots over Andy North.

A nine-under par 279 gave PAT BRADLEY a one-stroke victory over Beth Daniel in the $150,000 U.S. Women's Open in Lake Grange, Ill. *(page 42)*

HARNESS RACING—DILIGENT YANKEE ($6.40), Howard Beissinger in the sulky, beat Snack Bar by 1¾ lengths to win the $233,955 Dexter Cup Trot at Roosevelt Raceway. The 3-year-old covered the mile in 2:01.

Eugene Lefevre drove IDEAL DU GAZEAU ($11.40) to a neck-s victory over Jorky in the $250,000 International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway. The 7-year-old horse covered the 1¼ miles in 2:32⅘.

Bruce Riegle drove THREE DIAMONDS ($2.80) to a 6½-length victory over Curtain Closer in the $284,200 John Chapman Memorial Pace at Roosevelt Raceway. The 2-year-old filly covered the mile in 2:00.

HORSE RACING—Walter Swinburn rode SHERGAR, a 2-5 favorite, to a four-length victory over Madame Gay in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes at Ascot, England *(page 12)*.

W. R. Hunt rode SPECIAL EFFORT ($2.60) to a 1½-length victory over Winkum in the $567,389 Rainbow Futurity at Ruidoso Downs. The 2-year-old colt covered the 400 yards in 19.97.

GALAXY LIBRA ($9), Bill Shoemaker up, beat Caterman by a neck to win the $226,050 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park. The 5-year-old ran the 1½ miles in 2:25⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—PANCHO CARTER drove his Penske PC-7 Cosworth at an average of 132.89 mph around the two-mile circuit of the Michigan International Speedway in Brooklyn to win the fire-marred Michigan 500. He finished two seconds ahead of Tony Bettenhausen Jr., who drove a McLaren Cosworth. A.J. Foyt fractured his right arm when his Coyote Cosworth crashed in the race's 80th lap.

DARRELL WALTRIP, in a Buick, won a 500-mile NASCAR Grand National event on the Pocono International Raceway in Long Pond, Pa., by one-car length over Richard Petty, in a Buick. The winner averaged 119.110 mph around the 2.5-mile circuit.

SOCCER—NASL. He was once hailed as the greatest soccer player in the world, but Johan Cruyff, the striker who led Holland to the 1974 World Cup, hasn't had much opportunity to contribute to the Washington Diplomats' attack. The Dips have gone 3-7 since acquiring his services on June 17, and as they lost to Minnesota 3-1 last week to drop set farther behind Eastern Division leading New York, Cruyff, suffering from a lingering groin strain, watched from the stands. Meanwhile, the Cosmos had a manic week, twice meeting—and narrowly beating—Montreal. Francois Van Der Elst and Giorgio Chinaglia scored shootout goals in a 5-4 win, and then Ivan (Beefi) Buljan hit in overtime to give New York a 2-1 victory. For the sixth straight game, Chicago relied on an American to score its game-winner. The Sting padded its Central Division lead as a goal by Charlie Lajkus—who was born in Chicago to boot—triggered a 5-1 romp over Toronto. Most of the league's

[redacted] Gerber scored with less than eight minutes left, and league cellar dweller Dallas humbled Seattle, the newly crowned Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup champ, 3-1 on two Wolfgang Rausch penalty kicks. Los Angeles and San Diego kept pace with each other in the West. The Aztecs beat Toronto 4-2 and San Jose 3-0, while the Sockers defeated Portland twice, 3-1 and 2-0.

ASL. Rochester's two first-string goalies gave the Flash a pair of 1-0 overtime shutouts and its third and fourth straight wins. Steve Jamison held Freedom Conference leader Carolina scoreless, while Eddie Azevedo scared Rochester's goal on Mike Lashches' assist, and Jim Petrellis shut out New England as Azevedo and Lashchev reversed roles. Pennsylvania-run Liberty Conference-leading record to 17-2-4 by tying New York United 2-2 in overtime.

TENNIS—JOSE LUIS CLERC won the U.S. Pro Championship in Brookline, Mass., with an 0-6, 6-3, 6-2 victory over Hans Gildemeister.

JOHN FITZGERALD upset top seeded Guillermo Vilas 3-6, 6-3, 7-5 to win a $75,000 tournament in Kitzbuchel, Austria.

SYLVIA HANIKA won a $150,000 tournament in Minnetonka when Hana Mandlikova defaulted in the third set of their final match.

TRACK & FIELD—EVELYN ASHFORD ran the 100-yard dash in 10.90 seconds, lowering her two-year-old American women's record by .07 of a second, in Colorado Springs.

WEIGHTLIFTING—VAL BALISON, lifting in the 181¼-pound class, set an American record in the clean-and-jerk with a lift of 417¾ pounds at the National Sports Festival in Syracuse. It broke the mark of 416½ set by Curt Whitmarsh earlier.

MILEPOSTS—ACQUITTED: By a federal jury in Los Angeles, JENNIFER L. KING, 35, on two counts of obstruction of justice. King, the attorney for former boxing promoter and racehorse owner Ross Fields (a/k/a Harold Smith), is still to be tried on two other charges connected with Fields' alleged involvement in the embezzlement of $21.3 million from Wells Fargo Bank.

BANNED: By The Athletics Congress from events it sanctions in the United States: Road Racers ALLISON ROE, 25, ANNE AUDAIN, 25, and LORRAINE MOLLER, 26, all of New Zealand, and DOMINGO TIBADUIZA, 31, of Colombia. The four participated in the Cascade Run-Off on June 28 in Portland, Ore., an event for which cash prizes were awarded to top finishers, a breach of TAC rules. TAC will hear the cases of 12 American participants, including such noted road racers as Cascade winner Greg Meyer, Bill Rogers, Herb Lindsay and Patti Catalano, in Chicago on Aug. 22.

GRANTED: To tennis star MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, 24, American citizenship in a Los Angeles ceremony. The native Czech defected in 1975.

NAMED: To replace the late Jumbo Elliott as track coach at Villanova, CHARLES JENKINS, 47, a double champion—in the 400 meters and 4x400 relay—at the 1956 Olympics and the first of 28 Olympians coached by Elliott to a gold medal.

SIGNED: By the Colorado Rockies, free agent and former Boston Bruins Right Wing DWIGHT FOSTER, 24, to a multiyear contract. As compensation, the Rockies sent their 1982 entry draft second-round choice to Boston and gave the Bruins the option of exchanging first-round picks next year.

DIED: ROBERT H. STOUT, 55, the NCAA's all-around gymnastics titlist in 1952 and 1953 and a member of the 1952 U.S. Olympic team, of a heart attack in Abington, Pa.

PAUL WALK, 75, president (1947-48) of the National Basketball League, a forerunner of the NBA, and the owner of the NBA's first Indianapolis franchise (1948-49), in Carmel, Ind.

CREDITS

12,13—Steve Powell. **14-15**—Robert Martin/All Sport (bottom left), Steve Powell (3). **16**—E.G. Byrne. **17**—Bill Straus. **18**—Tony Leonard. **19**—Bill Straus. **28**—Richard Mackson (bottom). **40,41**—Jerry Wachter. **42**—George Tiedemann. **52**—Dick Raphael (top). **60**—AP. **62**—Haughead Photographers. **69**—William Holder.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MITCH HAWLEY
HAYWARD, CALIF.

Hawley, 21, made a record 101 pitching appearances during his career at the University of California, shattering the previous NCAA mark of 83. The righthanded reliever had 20 wins and a school-record 21 saves, including eight in 1981.



JOY MARLOW
LABORES, TEXAS

Joy, a 12-year-old member of the Kettering Striders who has run track for only one year, won the 60-meter hurdles in her age group at the TFA Nationals in 10.6 and placed third in the 400 meters at the age-group TAC Nationals with a 60.92.



ROBERT ROCCHETTA
SEAVILLE, N.Y.

Rocchetta, 32, a police-boat officer, used 40-pound-test line and a live eel as bait to catch a 76-pound striped bass—by four pounds the largest ever on rod and reel—from his boat, *Rainbow II*, off Long Island's Montauk Point.



LYNN STOCKLEY
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Lynn, who will be a senior at Taconic High in the fall, had a 14-0 record, struck out 122 batters in 118⅓ innings and hit .434 for the school's 1981 softball team. She also threw four no-hitters, including one in the state regional tournament.



DICK LEGAS
COLORADO SPRINGS



ADAM LEGAS
COLORADO SPRINGS

Dick, 35, an Air Force captain, set meet and American records for the 35-to-39 age group at the TAC National Masters Decathlon Championships in San Antonio. His 6,746 points shattered the U.S. mark of 6,183, set by Dennis Stempel of Chico, Calif., in 1978. Adam, Dick's 11-year-old son and a decathlete for two years, set what is believed to be a world record for his age when he scored 2,042 points at the Air Force Academy Invitational Decathlon in Colorado Springs.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DEFINING ARNIE

Sir

We knew Arnold Palmer would come back (*Win or Lose, Arnie Draws*, July 20), and how sweet it is! The long dry spell is over, and the familiar sight of Arnie hitching up his trousers and making that big charge is just what we needed during this year of silence at the old ball parks. Arnie gives new hope to us former long hitters who have agonized as our game has deteriorated. Keep charging, Arnie. It keeps us going!

BOB DURLING
Highland, Ind.

Sir

Myra Gelband should be congratulated on her fine article about the U.S. Senior Open in general and about Arnold Palmer in particular. Those of us who have been following Arnie since he came on the scene in the late '50s have felt the same things for the past quarter century that Gelband pinpoints so accurately in her story. In her concluding paragraph she says, "There's no word or phrase that quite describes what it is that Palmer transmits to the galleries." Having followed Arnie through a practice round at Merion in June, two days before the start of the U.S. Open, I can only say that he is easily the most charismatic and electrifying sports personality that his followers are ever going to see, and they know it.

ALAN KAPLAN
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir

Arnold Palmer's victory in the U.S. Senior Open was a breath of fresh air. It was an escape from all the talk of money in sports. Yet Myra Gelband found a way to taint even this occasion by devoting so much of her article to a discussion of money lists, draws, advance ticket sales, etc.

Arnie's charisma is no mystery to this fan. It's apparent from the first moments of play that Palmer is an athlete apart from mere money. He plays for himself and for us, but not always in that order. Somehow, I doubt that many Canadian Football League fans wept as Vince Ferragamo walked to the shower (*Giving His All for the Als*, July 20), but when Arnie strode up the 18th at Oakland Hills, I know of 10,000 witnesses who did.

BRIAN L. CONKLIN
Rapid City, Mich.

DEFINING SPORT

Sir

As I skimmed the July 20 issue of SI, I noticed articles on the Davis Cup, the CFL and James (Quick) Tillis, all subjects that we at ESPN [Entertainment and Sports Programming Network] have covered on the air. I was amazed. Then, when I got to the article (*Lady with a Past*) on my father's yacht *Santana*, I almost fell on the floor. After all these years I had lost track of "the boat." You have brought back memories that are only the best. You *are* the "wide world of sports."

STEPHEN BOGART
Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

After reading your fine article on *Santana*, I came to the 19TH HOLE and read a letter from a man in Connecticut who apparently canceled his subscription because you had run a story on bullfighting. This, of course, is his privilege. However, this "cancel my subscription" response, which I see at least once a year, usually after your swimsuit issue, is a curious phenomenon. I am reasonably sure this gentleman would not cancel his newspaper subscription if the same bullfighting story appeared in his evening paper. He would probably not quit watching the news if it were reported on TV. Why does he react to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED this way?

For the 20 years or more that I have been reading it, I have been generally pleased and well entertained by your publication. I have read stories on sports I knew nothing about but for which, thereafter, I frequently developed an understanding. I, for one, appreciate your approach to journalism. Please continue my subscription.

TY M. SPARKS
Canyon, Texas

Sir:

In a letter concerning your coverage of bullfighting, reader Mark Newman writes that the article "should not have appeared in your otherwise fine magazine." I couldn't agree more. What I do object to is his logic. Saying he is an avid hunter, Newman claims, "Hunting promotes a clean and sporting kill." Somehow, gunning down defenseless wildlife seems no more sporting to me than torturing bulls. At least, from time to time the bull gets his revenge.

BRAD NASON
Salem, W. Va.

Sir

We subscribed to SI for sports coverage. For the most part, we've gotten what we expected—until your July 20 issue. What in the world does Mount St. Helens (*Season of Hope*) have to do with sports? Please spare us sports fans and put this kind of article in some sort of nature magazine.

GARY PHILLIPS
JEFF KNISLEY
North Canton, Ohio

Sir

I was pleasantly surprised to see an article on Mount St. Helens in your magazine. I'm sure you'll receive many letters asking what an article like that was doing in a sports publication. I'd like to point out one side effect of the volcano's eruption that is still affecting sports in Spokane.

Ask any softball player around here what it's like sliding into a base on an infield that is as hard as rock because of volcanic ash. When the ash first fell, it had the texture and consistency of cement powder. Then a lot of it was worked into the ground, and the result was a cement infield. Not only do we have bruises to mark every time we have hit the dirt, but routine ground balls are a thing of the past.

FRED EARLE
Spokane

DESCRIBING THE WOMEN

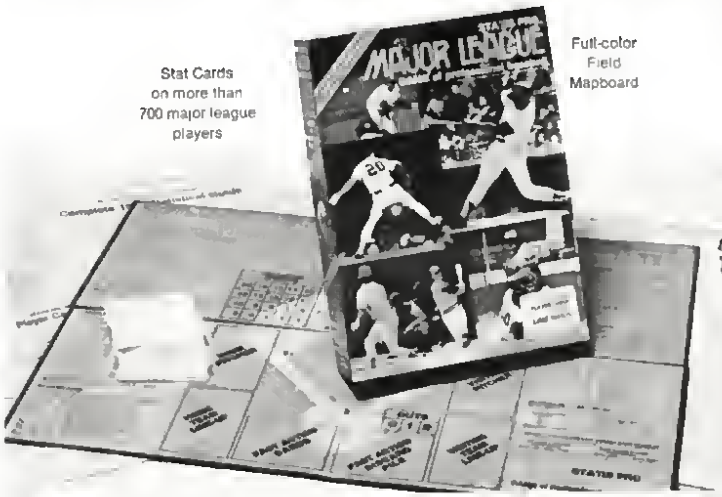
Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick has long delighted SI readers with his wit and style in tennis reportage, but his story on Wimbledon (*His Earth, His Realm, His England*, July 13) reveals some pretty disturbing aspects of his point of view on men's vs. women's tennis. After waxing lyrical in describing the "brilliant" John McEnroe, who "artfully slashed" his way into history—the verbiage literally reeks of reverence—Kirkpatrick descended to heavy-handed ridicule in his coverage of the women's championship. References to Hana Mandlikova as the "Czech flamethrower," Kathy Rinaldi and Claudia Pasquale as "Evert Lloyd clones," Pam Shriver as Tracy Austin's "personal pigeon" who "dies like a dog" in their matches, Mima Jausovec as a "veteran chubette" and Chris Evert Lloyd as having been in "near torment" after her semifinal loss to Mandlikova in the French Open and then winning her Wimbledon semifinal match against Shriver "without smearing her eye shadow" are not only personally demeaning, but in such obvious contrast to the treatment of the men's championship as to be outright chauvinistic.

If Kirkpatrick is going to be catty, let him not confine his cattiness to women. If the women's matches were boring, then some of the men's behavior was certainly boorish. Borg and Vilas have vied for "headband championships" for years; Gerulaitis is Borg's personal pigeon as well as Bobbsey-twin lookalike, Connors and McEnroe would tie in a legs competition, although Arthur Ashe would win hands down, and Roscoe Tanner has gone through so many hairdos he must have his own personal hairdresser.

continued

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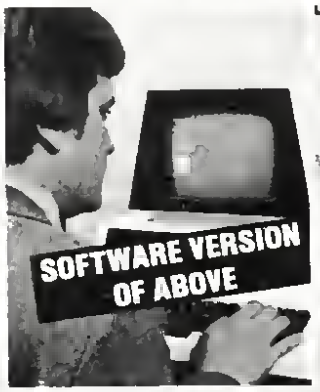
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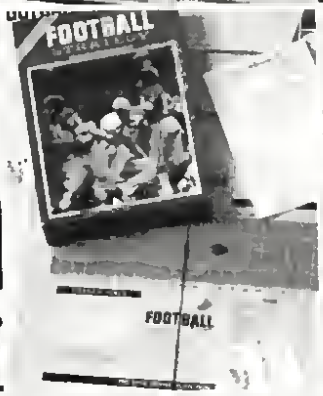
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SI-613

I'm not criticizing Kirkpatrick's bombast. I love it. But let him distribute it equally between the sexes in the same article! I also did not feel that McEnroe's win was so momentous. In fact, the match was rather pedestrian. As Borg said, "The tennis was better last year."

MARY RADER
Durham, N.C.

THE STRIKE (CONT.)

Sir:

Greg Pryor, Chicago White Sox infielder, asks us (19TH HOLE, July 20) if he's "overpriced." Let's examine the situation. Greg is 31, I'm 30. Greg has a B.S. degree from Florida Southern, I have a B.A. from TCU and an M.S. from Oklahoma State. He has averaged $25,000 a year for seven months' work. If you count roughing it in Florida for spring training, I don't make $25,000 a year yet, and I work 12 months a year.

I know Pryor isn't one of the players making $250,000 a year, but it's hard to feel sorry for him. Maybe we ought to do to baseball what the public has done to another sorry American product, the automobile. We ought to consider junking our big, union-controlled, expensive, inefficient ballplayers for more efficient and inexpensive Japanese models—at least until U.S. baseball decides to retool and get its act together as the auto industry is trying to do. Who knows. Greg may soon be using his B.S. in business administration in the real world. I wish him luck. It's a real jungle out there.

BOB FILLMAN
Spring, Texas

Sir:

I have an observation to make regarding the baseball strike. Your writers, your letter writers and the ballplayers who have commented have all missed the point, which is that a baseball game is *fun* to watch, *fun* to listen to, *fun* to read about and *fun* to talk about. Entertainment is what baseball provides.

A labor-management dispute is *not* fun to read about or talk about. Salary negotiations are *not* enjoyable to read about. I really don't care who is right and who is wrong. I only want this to be the last strike in pro sports that I ever have to read about.

RAY BOHLKEN
Virginia Beach, Va.

ANOTHER PLAYER'S VIEW

Sir:

I was elated to read the article *Time Worth Remembering* (July 6). Seeing Ted Page and me pictured together in your publication was an honor. Negro League players of the earlier decades unfortunately were not recipients of enormous commercial residuals and bonuses. We played for something greater that could not be measured in dollars and cents. The secrets of our game were to enjoy and endure.

WILLIAM (JUDY) JOHNSON
Member, Baseball Hall of Fame
Wilmington, Del.

LATIN RECRUITS (CONT.)

Sir:

I cannot let the Bill Brubaker article (*Hey, Kid, Wanna Be a Star?* July 13) pass without comment.

The Canadian rule that prohibits major league clubs from signing players until they either turn 17 or finish the 11th grade, which has now been extended to Puerto Rico, *could*, in time, also be extended to other Latin American countries. Baseball took the initiative on this matter, but not, as you characterized it, to make "only a token change." We recognized that there were some problems associated with the signing of young Puerto Ricans, and we moved to remedy that situation. However, because of the great variance between the educational levels of Puerto Rican youths and those of other Latin American countries, we saw no basis for extending the rule beyond Puerto Rico at this time. We will follow the educational data as it develops.

Obviously, we disagree with Brubaker and SI over the interpretation of the UNESCO educational information that indicates only 53% to 62% of the boys in Venezuela, the Dominican Republic and Mexico between the ages of 12 and 17 attend school. When between one-third and one-half of a nation's junior high and high school age population does not attend school, I would call it significant. It may well be that 95% of the 12-year-olds are in school, while perhaps as few as 15% of the 17-year-olds are in attendance. If such is the case, most of the older boys signed to contracts will have dropped out of school before executing them. To these boys, baseball may well represent a better opportunity than other alternatives in their homeland. It would be interesting to know how many of the 55 young Latins, whom SI's survey shows as having signed, since 1978, a contract before their 17th birthday, actually were in school at the time of the signing.

There is increased recognition on the part of the U.S. clubs that lack of education and the language barrier are problems. Many clubs are working at improving the language skills of their foreign-born players and encouraging them to continue their education.

One area of professional baseball in the Caribbean was completely ignored in the article. The winter leagues, with the exception of the Puerto Rican League, themselves have no minimum-age rules. Puerto Rico has become the first to adopt a minimum signing age, and that came *at our* urging.

WILLIAM A. MURRAY
Administrator
Office of the Commissioner of Baseball
New York City

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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